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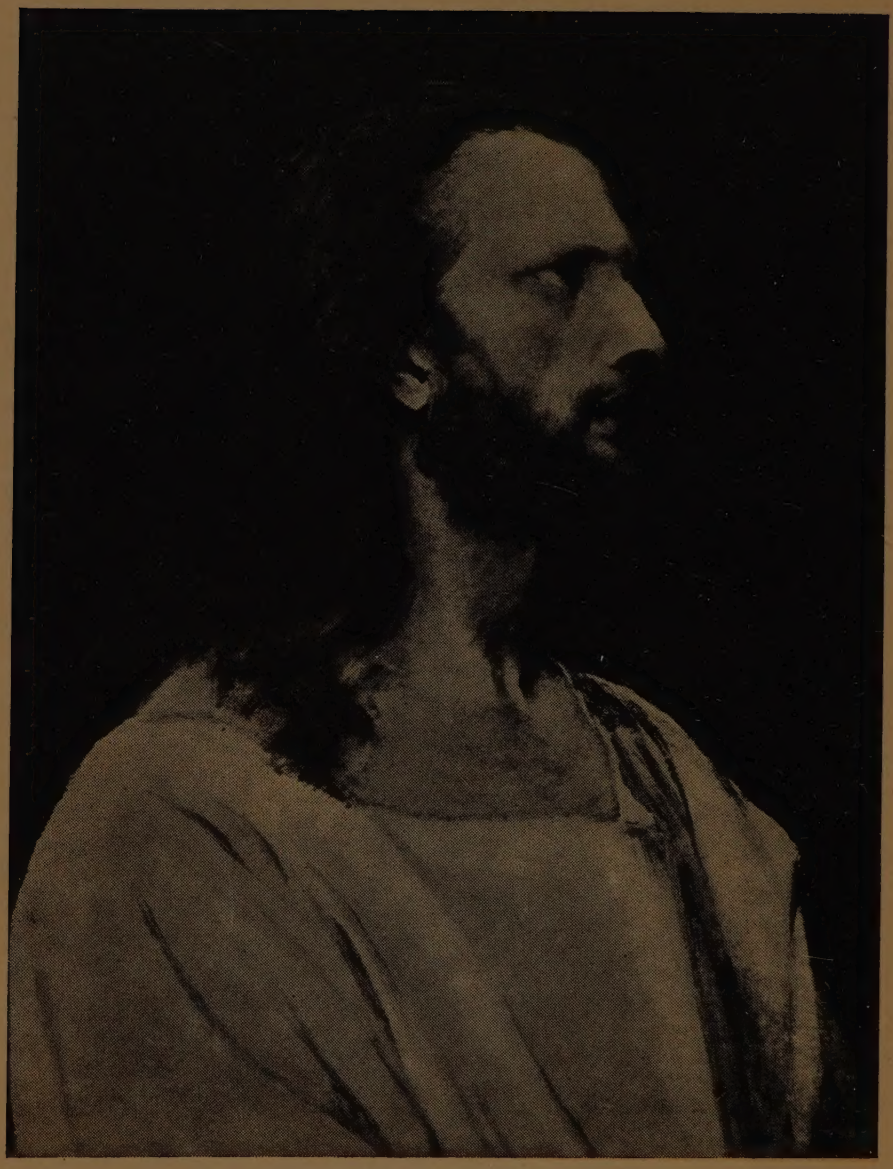

"Christ before Pilate" from a painting by M. de Munkacsy

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CHRIST IN THE POETRY OF TODAY

An Anthology from American Poets

COMPILED BY
MARTHA FOOTE CROW

Revised Edition, containing
"Christ and the World War"

THE WOMANS PRESS
NEW YORK CITY
1918

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The National Board of the Young Womens Christian Associations
of the United States of America
600 Lexington Avenue
New York City

We place Thy sacred name upon our brows;
  Our cycles from Thy natal day we score:
Yet, spite of all our songs and all our vows,
  We thirst and ever thirst to know Thee more.

For Thou art Mystery and Question still;
  Even when we see Thee lifted as a sign
Drawing all men unto that hapless hill
  With the resistless power of Love Divine.

Still Thou art Question—while rings in our ears
  Thine outcry to a world discord-beset:
Have I been with thee all these many years,
  O World,—dost thou not know ME even yet?

M. F. C.

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In regard to capitalization, indentation and punctuation, the precedent of the authors themselves has been followed, using the latest editions where possible.

Beyond the names already mentioned in the above, the following have allowed the use of poems for Section VIII: James Church Alvord, May Lamberton Becker, Isabel Fiske Conant, Hermann Hagedorn, Daniel Henderson, Anne Higginson Spicer. Permissions have also kindly been given by *The Outlook, Contemporary Verse, Poetry, Good Housekeeping,* E. P. Dutton & Company, George H. Doran.

INTRODUCTION

That stern prophet, Dr. Josiah Strong, in one of his illuminating treatises refers with a fine inadvertence to "the return to Christ that is now taking place." This phrase, like a signboard hidden among the shadows of a well-forested pathway, might elude the glance of the passer-by. But when I saw it, the inscription aroused me to eager question. I had been for a long time gathering references to poems about Jesus, just because they had a special interest for me, but with no definite thought of sharing my finds with others. Can it be, I now said, that our poets have all along been singing about the events in the life of Jesus and I have been deaf to them?

We had always had poets with us, I realized, who had been ranked as pious poets, who had been swept to the empyrean by religious themes only. Such poets gave their whole attention to adoration, praise and prayer. They stood for that. But as for the general run of poets—they wrote about love, companionship, the joys of nature, the delight of delight, and very especially, the sadness of sadness. But very rarely was found a poem about Jesus mingled with those on life's general problems, or on the beauty of the

world, or the necessity of enduring bravely the affliction of being alive in a world that was felt to be far less than a possible best. God was still sitting in a far away sky and Christ was thought of as something separate from life, as something shut up carefully in a place called a church.

Then I laid aside my slender sheaf of poems about Jesus, gathered by chance or in idle moments, and began to put the question more definitely to proof. First I ran through some fifty volumes of poems of about 1890. I found few or no poems about Jesus. Then I plunged in again at 1895 and found but a lonely one here and there. At 1900 there were more, distinctly more. At 1905 there was a still brighter dawn. But when I came to 1910 and thereabouts, times were changed. Something had verily happened. The fascinating theme of Jesus, the dramatic quality of his human career, the miracle of his personality, had been discovered; and the position of the poem that illuminated some incident in the life of Christ or that enthroned some quality of his character was now securely established in nearly every book of poetry. I discovered two things: that I had not been deaf to the poets' earlier singing about Christ, for they had not been singing of Him at all; and also that "the return of Christ" was now being delicately registered by the poets of to-day in poems of varying distinction and with an impulse commensurate with the power of that poetic expression that has lately come upon us and that promises so much for our future.

And the poems were often of a new kind never seen in books of poetry before. Incidents in his life were

imaginatively reproduced as nearly as possible in the very semblance that they had when He was upon earth, and often with a concreteness that is the gift of the new poetic impulse of our time.

Of course each poem of this kind must be considered as an expression of the author's own angle of thought. But if one considers such a group as is here collected, the poems may be thought of as the facets of a diamond; taken all together they may reflect something like the white light of truth.

Selecting, then, from the superabundant wealth of poetical material on this theme, written by the poets of the United States of America since about 1900, and arranging them in the order of the events of his life, we have here a sort of new biography of Jesus, each chapter of which consists of a poem written by a different author, and the whole forming the poetic reaction of our time to the thought of Jesus, what He was, what his life meant to the world, and, it may be added in a separate group, what He might yet be to the world if we would but listen to the Voice that still rings in our ears.

That is, roughly speaking, what has been attempted in this book. Stringing the gems of poetry upon a golden cord of Bible phrases, a poetic biography emerges. Then follows a series of comments representing different historical eras as our poets have imagined the Good News spreading circle after circle throughout the world. After this the searchlight is cast upon our own times, on our hardness and our deafness, on our refusals and our brutalities, on our dismay of the present moment. Ultimately our poets are gifted to

see a ray of hope. The White Comrade moves along the distracted battle line, the Old Road to Paradise is a travelled way, and after the day of utter havoc, Brotherhood is to spring anew from ruin.

Beyond the elisions necessary in trying to cram the best of the poetry into small space, but little guidance was required in the selection. I hope no theological bent is discoverable. Jew and Gentile, Protestant, Roman Catholic, Neo-Pagan, Socialist, Emersonian—all sorts and conditions of lovers and admirers of Jesus are represented in this collection. The one rule has been only this—does the poem represent a true reverence and love? To be entered in this catalog it is not required that a poet shall claim that he fully understands Jesus Christ!

MARTHA FOOTE CROW.

NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION

The edition of 1918 differs but little from that of 1917 except that a new section has been added, called, "Christ and the World War." It has been a source of intense gratification to compiler and publisher that the anthology has been found helpful to the soldiers in camp. To make the book still more so, to make it an inspiration and consolation to the boy in khaki as he takes his life in his hands and goes to wage the good warfare against Antichrist, for the preservation of all our Christ-like ideals, is the aim in the selection of poems that compose Section VIII.

M. F. C.

I

THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY OF JESUS

CHRIST
IN THE
POETRY OF TO-DAY

Thou shalt call his name Jesus.

God whispered and a silence fell; the world
  Poised one expectant moment like a soul
Who sees at Heaven's threshold the unfurled
White wings of cherubim, the sea impearled,
  And pauses, dazed, to comprehend the whole;
Only across all space God's whisper came
And burned about her heart like some white flame.

Then suddenly a bird's note thrilled the peace,
  And earth again jarred noisily to life
With a great murmur as of many seas.
But Mary sat with hands clasped on her knees,
  And lifted eyes with all amazement rife,
And in her heart the rapture of the Spring
Upon its first sweet day of blossoming.

The Annunciation
THEODOSIA GARRISON

Let us now go even unto Bethlehem,
and see this thing that is come to pass.

O little town, O little town,
Upon the hills so far,
We see you, like a thing sublime,
Across the great gray wastes of time,
And men go up and men go down,
But follow still the star!

And this is humble Bethlehem
In the Judean wild;
And this is lowly Bethlehem
Wherein a mother smiled;
Yea, this is happy Bethlehem
That knew the little Child!

Aye, this is glorious Bethlehem
Where He drew living breath
(Ah, precious, precious Bethlehem!—
So every mortal saith)
Who brought to all that tread the earth
Life's triumph over death!

O little town, O little town,
Upon the hills afar,
You call to us, a thing sublime,
Across the great gray wastes of time,
For men go up and men go down,
But follow still the star!

The Little Town
CLINTON SCOLLARD

And there was no room
for them in the inn.

There was a gentle hostler
(And blessed be his name!)
He opened up the stable
The night Our Lady came.
Our Lady and Saint Joseph,
He gave them food and bed,
And Jesus Christ has given him
A glory round his head.

So let the gate swing open
However poor the yard,
Lest weary people visit you
And find their passage barred.
Unlatch the door at midnight
And let your lantern's glow
Shine out to guide the traveller's feet
To you across the snow.

There was a courteous hostler
(He is in Heaven to-night!)
He held Our Lady's bridle
And helped her to alight,
He spread clean straw before her
Whereon she might lie down,
And Jesus Christ has given him
An everlasting crown.

Unlock the door this evening
And let the gate swing wide,
Let all who ask for shelter
Come speedily inside.
What if your yard be narrow?
What if your house be small?
There is a Guest is coming
Will glorify it all.

There was a joyous hostler
Who knelt on Christmas morn
Beside the radiant manger
Wherein his Lord was born.
His heart was full of laughter,
His soul was full of bliss
When Jesus, on His mother's lap,
Gave him His hand to kiss.

Unbar your heart this evening
And keep no stranger out,
Take from your soul's great portal
The barrier of doubt.
To humble folk and weary
Give hearty welcoming,
Your breast shall be to-morrow
The cradle of a King.

Gates and Doors: A Ballad of Christmas Eve
JOYCE KILMER

Ye shall find a babe
wrapped in swaddling clothes,
and lying in a manger.

The Ox he openeth wide the Doore
And from the Snowe he calls her inne,
And he hath seen her Smile therefor,
Our Lady without Sinne.
Now soone from Sleepe
A Starre shall leap,
And soone arrive both King and Hinde;
Amen, Amen:
But O, the Place co'd I but find!

The Ox hath hush'd his voyce and bent
Trewe eyes of Pitty ore the Mow,
And on his lovelie Neck, forspent,
The Blessed layes her Browe.
Around her feet
Full Warm and Sweete
His Bowerie Breath doth meeklie dwell;
Amen, Amen:
But sore am I with Vaine Travèl.

The Ox is Host in Judah stall,
And Host of more than onelie one,
For close she gathereth withal
Our Lorde, her littel Sonne:

Glad Hinde and King
Their Gyfte may bring,
But wo'd to-night my Teares were there;
Amen, Amen:
Between her Bosom and His hayre!

Nativity Song
LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

***My** soul doth magnify the Lord. . .*
for he hath looked upon the low estate
of his handmaid.

On that divine all-hallowed morn
When Christ in Bethlehem was born,
How lone did Mary seem to be,
The kindly beasts for company!

But when she saw her infant's face—
Fair with the soul's unfading grace,
Softly she wept for love's excess,
For painless ease and happiness.

She pressed her treasure to her heart—
A lowly mother, set apart
In the dear way that mothers are,
And heaven seemed high, and earth afar:

And when grave kings in sumptuous guise
Adored her babe, she knew them wise;
For at his touch her sense grew dim—
So all *her* being worshipped him.

A nimbus seemed to crown the head
Low-nestled in that manger-bed,
And Mary's forehead, to our sight,
Wears ever something of its light;

And still the heart—poor pensioner!
In its affliction turns to her—
Best love of all, best understood,
The type of selfless motherhood!

When Christ Was Born
FLORENCE EARLE COATES

The cedars of Lebanon,
where the birds make their nests.

Murmured all night in cedar'd Lebanon
The tree-tops' odorous sigh;
Murmured all night beneath the steadfast stars
In frosty sky.

Whisper'd the pines—O softly! where the hills
Uplifted to the night,
A plaintive dream-song to the snowy earth
All virgin white.

Sighed the tall cedars; fragrant balsams wept;
The firs and hemlocks moaned;
While through their tremulous tops the sweeping winds
Their hymns intoned.

Think you the green trees slept while Mary grieved
In pain and travail sore?
Nay, night-long they watched with her, till at dawn
Her babe she bore.

The Cedars of Lebanon
HELEN COALE CREW

And they came with haste,
and found the babe lying in the manger.

The Little Jesus came to town;
The wind blew up, the wind blew down;
Out in the street the wind was bold;
Now who would house Him from the cold?

Then opened wide a stable door,
Fair were the rushes on the floor;
The Ox put forth a hornèd head;
"Come, little Lord, here make Thy bed."

Uprose the Sheep were folded near;
"Thou Lamb of God, come, enter here."
He entered there to rush and reed,
Who was the Lamb of God indeed.

The little Jesus came to town;
With ox and sheep He laid Him down;
Peace to the byre, peace to the fold,
For that they housed Him from the cold!

A Christmas Folk-Song
LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

Good tidings of great joy
which shall be to all the people.

Two little angel-sisters,
  Just called from earth away—
What brings them back from Heaven,
  At dawning of The Day?
Two little Bethlehem sisters—
  They had a childish way:
Where'er was a new baby,
  There, too, full soon were they!

One might have seen them running
  Along old Bethlehem street . . .
"Oh, let us see the baby—
  How sweet it is—how sweet!
And let us touch its hands,
  And let us kiss its feet."
One might have heard them talking
  To every one they meet.

When came this Blessed Baby
  They followed Him below . . .
Their wings are in the shadow,
  Their faces all aglow—
Save for those wings half-hidden,
  I own, I should not know
But they were Bethlehem children,
  That just love babies so!

To See the New Baby
(to accompany the picture of the Nativity by Gherardo delle Notte)

EDITH M. THOMAS

Fear not, Mary: for thou
hast found favor with God.

Joseph, the simple tradesman, sat near by,
Awed by his wonder, stilled by sympathy;
Vaguely he mused on what his eyes had seen,
Or pondered slowly what the morn might mean.
Mary slept on—that first blest mother-sleep;
He watched alone; the night was growing deep.
Amazed he marked new glory flood her face;
Her eyes were closed, but from her lowly place
She called his name, as one who dreams a dream.
And as he came, her face did strangely gleam.
Her arms lay open, and with knowing glance,
He knew he heard her speaking in a trance.

"Look, Joseph, on my Babe—He is a King!
Come near and touch my hand; I hear the ring
Of wondrous anthems bursting from the sky;
I am bewildered and I know not why.
Look, sleeps He well? Ah, Joseph, bear with me
In loving patience as thou hast, for we—
Joseph, they sing again! Hear ye the choir?
Their faces shine as with a sacred fire.
They hover near us— O, a mighty throng
Are singing for my Babe His natal-song!
Before His star a thousand stars take flight—
Who placed it there, that wondrous, holy Light?
My joy—dear Joseph, can I bear it all?
My joy!—Ah, see around me fall

The dismal shadows of a distant cross!—
My fathers' God, is all this gain or loss?"

And Joseph—for he could not understand—
Knelt by her side and, wond'ring, kissed her hand.

Joseph and Mary
ROSCOE GILMAN STOTT

And there were shepherds in the same country,
keeping watch by night over their flock

First Shepherd, a youth:
I saw a wonder as I came along:
Out of the sky there dropped a shining song.
I do not know if stars in heaven have wings;
But look, and listen!—there it soars and sings.
Second Shepherd, an old man:
My eyes are dazzled for the light is strong.
The Angel:
I bring good tidings, shepherds, have no fear:
The Saviour of the whole world is come near.
A child is born to-night in Bethlehem
Who brings great joy to all, and most to them
Who are most poor. The King! The King is here!

First Shepherd:
Where is his palace? Can we find the way?
Second Shepherd:
We have had kings enough. Must we go pay
More taxes to a new one?

The Angel:

Come and bring
The love of simple hearts unto this king.

Third Shepherd, a man of middle age:

I could bring only tears where a child lay.

First Shepherd (aside):

Why can he not forget his year-old pain?

Second Shepherd (aside):

Hearts that break slowly will not heal again.

The Angel:

Good-will, good-will, and peace to all the earth
Born in a cattle stable, lo! his birth
Is holy. King of Love, he comes to reign.

Third Shepherd:

When harvests fail, and all the sheep are dead,
And little children cry and cry for bread,
Grow tired at last, and sicken and lie still,
Will any sing of peace there and good-will
To us who watch beside an empty bed?

First Shepherd:

I think that when the King of Love is grown,
And hearts of men are loving like his own,
He who has gold will with his brother share;
There will be bread and wine and fire to spare;
For who can love, yet sit and feast alone?

Second Shepherd:

Quick, let us go! These dim old eyes would see
A king who comes in peace and poverty.

First Shepherd:

I see a hundred white stars drifting down;
They circle yonder over Bethlehem town.

Chorus of Angels:

Glory to God! Good-will to men shall be!

The Shepherds

SOPHIE JEWETT

We saw his star in the east.

Softly I come into the dance of the spheres
Into the choir of lights,
New from my nest in God's heart.
O Night, the chosen of nights,
Longing and dream of the years,
Blessèd thou art!

Golden the fruit hangs on the hyaline tree;
Golden the glistening tide
Sweeps through the heavens; the cars
Of the great mooned planets glide
Golden; and yet to me
Bow down the stars;

Casting their crowns, bright with æonian reigns,
Under the flight of my feet
Eager for Bethlehem,
Thither with music-beat
Blent of innumerous strains
Marshalling them.

Sweetly their chant soars through unsearchable space,
  Quivering vespers that thrill
    Into the deep nocturne,
  Symphony I fulfill,
I who like Mary's face
    Wonder and yearn,

Cherish, adore, keeping the watch above
  The Word made flesh to-night,
    Wonderful Word impearled
  In childhood holy-white,
Word that is Godhood, Love,
    Light of the World.

The Star of Bethlehem
KATHARINE LEE BATES

And lo, the star, which they saw
in the east, went before them.

I

The Kings of the East are riding
  To-night to Bethlehem.
The sunset glows dividing,
The Kings of the East are riding;
A star their journey guiding,
  Gleaming with gold and gem
The Kings of the East are riding
  To-night to Bethlehem.

II

To a strange sweet harp of Zion
  The starry host troops forth;
The golden-glaived Orion
To a strange sweet harp of Zion;
The Archer and the Lion,
  The Watcher of the North;
To a strange sweet harp of Zion
  The starry host sweeps forth.

III

There beams above a manger
  The child-face of a star;
Amid the stars a stranger,
It beams above a manger;
What means this ether-ranger
  To pause where poor folk are?
There beams above a manger
  The child-face of a star.

The Kings of the East
KATHARINE LEE BATES

The star came and stood over
where the young child was.

The day the Christ-child's tender eyes
  Unveiled their beauty on the earth,
God lit a new star in the skies
  To flash the message of his birth;
And wise men read the glowing sign,
And came to greet the Child divine.

Low kneeling in the stable's gloom,
  Their precious treasures they unrolled;
The place was rich with sweet perfume;
  Upon the floor lay gifts of gold.
And thus adoring they did bring
To Christ the earliest offering.

I think no nimbus wreathed the head
  Of the young King so rudely throned;
The quilt of hay beneath Him spread
  The sleepy kine beside Him owned;
And here and there in the torn thatch
The sky thrust in a starry patch.

Oh, when was new-born monarch shrined
  Within such canopy as this?
The birds have cradles feather lined;
  And for their new babes princesses
Have sheets of lace without a flaw,—
His pillow was a wisp of straw!

He chose this way, it may have been,
  That those poor mothers, everywhere,
Whose babies in the world's great inn
  Find scanty cradle-room and fare,
As did the babe of Bethlehem,
May find somewhat to comfort them.

His Birthday
MAY RILEY SMITH

THE INN THAT MISSED ITS CHANCE
"The Landlord Speaks: A.D.28"

"What could be done? The inn was full of
olks!
His honour,Marcus Lucius,and his scribes
ho made the census:honourable men
rom farthest Galilee,come hitherward
o be enrolled;high ladies and their lords;
he rich,the rabbis,such a noble throng
s Bethlehem had never seen before,
nd may not see again.And there they were,
lose herded with their servants,till the inn
as like a hive at swarming-time,and I
as fairly crazed among them.

"Could I know
hat they were so important? Just the two,
o servants,just a workman sort of man,
eading a donkey,and his wife thereon,
rooping and pale- I saw them not myself,
y servants must have driven them away;
ut had I seen them how was I to know?
ere inns to welcome stragglers,up and down
n all our towns from Beersheba to Dan,
ill he should come? And how were men to kno

"There was a sign,they say,a heavenly ligh
esplendent; but I had no time for stars.
nd there were songs of angels in the air
ut on the hills; but how was I to hear
mid the thousand clamours of an inn?
f course,if I had known them,who they were,
nd who he that should be born that night-
or now I learn that they will make him King
A second David,who will ransom us
From these Philistine Romans- who but he
That feeds an army with a loaf of bread,
And if a soldier falls,he touches him
And up he leaps,uninjured? Had I known,
I would have turned the whole inn upside dow
His honour,Marcus Lucius,and the rest,
And sent them all to stables,had I known.

"So you have seen him,stranger,and perhaps
Again will see him.Prithee say for me,
I did not know;and if he comes again,
As he will surely come,with retinue,
And banners,and an army,tell my Lord
That all my inn is his,to make amends.

"Alas! Alas! To miss a chance like that!
This inn that might be chief among them a
The birthplace of Messiah- had I known."

Dr.Amos R.Wells,editor of The
Sunday School Times (New York) at
a convention of the Author's Club
at Boston.

And his name shall be called
Prince of Peace.

The Christ-Child lay in Bethlehem,
  And the Wise Men gave Him gold,
And Mary-Mother she hearkened them
  As they prayed in the cattle-fold:
"Smile, then smile, little Prince of Earth,
  Smile in Thy holy sleep;
Now Thou art come, for want and dearth
There shall be plenty and light and mirth
  Through lands where the poor folk weep."

But Mary-Mother was still and pale
  And she raised her gold-ringed head:
"Then why have I heard the children wail
All night long on the far-blown gale
  While my own Child slept?" she said.
(*But far over head the angels sang;*
"*There shall be peace!*" *the far notes rang.*)

The Christ-Child lay in Bethlehem
  And the censers burned for Him
That the Wise Men swung on a silver stem,
  And prayed while the smoke rose dim:
"Sleep, then sleep, little Son of God,
  Sleep while the whole world prays:
All of the world shall fear thy nod,
Following close thy staff and rod
  Praising this day of days."

But Mary-Mother turned whispering
  There by the manger-bed:
"Then why do I hear a mocking ring
Of voices crying and questioning
  Through the scented smoke?" she said.
(*But high over head the angels sang;*
"*There shall be faith!*" *the sweet notes rang.*)

The Christ-Child lay in Bethlehem
  And the Wise Men gave Him myrrh
And Mary-Mother she hearkened them
  As they prayed by the heart of her;
"Hush, then hush, little Prince of Peace,
  Hush, take Thy holy rest;
Now Thou art come all wars shall cease,
Thou who hast brought all strife release
  Even from East to West!"

But Mary-Motner she veiled her head
  As if her great joys were lost:
And "Here is only a manger-bed,
Then why do I hear clashed swords?" she said,
"And why do I see a tide of red
  Over the whole world tossed?"
(*But still over all the angels sang:*
"*There shall be peace!*" *the high notes rang!*)

A Ballad of the Wise Men

MARGARET WIDDEMER

And opening their treasures
they offered unto him gifts.

I am Balthazar, sovereign where the Nile
  Winds over Egypt by the palms and sands,
  Temples and sphinxes waiting Thy commands
Adown the ages in a deathless smile.
Thee would our priests with fire and bloodshed style
  A "God of Terrors," yet the mummies' hands
  Held fast the scarab so that shadow-lands
Of death might know Thou didst but bide the while!

Thus for Thy Kingship did I snatch the gold
  From grim Osiris' brow, that night the Star
For which Chaldea's sages pined of old
  Proclaimed Thy birth; and trusting in the sign,
Come I to seek Thee on the hills afar,
  To yield Fear's broken sovereignty to Thine!

Behold me—Gaspar of the Isles of Greece—
  Before Thy feet anointed! Thou didst call
  Our souls to dream of Thee by waterfall
And snow-strewn mount and purple vale of peace.
Out where our sea-flocks comb their silver fleece
  Against a thousand isles marmoreal
  We raised to Thee our temple columns tall
Where sacrifice and pæan should not cease.

What though the Phidian stone or ivory heard
  The cry our barren hearts sent up to Thee,
Yet did we treasure every Delphic word

And ply the sibyls in Thine augury.
Such was our homage till yon pure Star stirred
Before me bearing incense o'er the sea.

They crowned me—Melchior—where the Ganges rolls
By gilded shrines and cities to the sea,
There where the death-pyres burn eternally
And saints and sages lacerate their souls.
Through scorn of love and hate their will controls
Earth's rebel senses; naught of worth can be
Save full absorption in the life of Thee,
Their Lamp consuming o'er the deeps and shoals.

Thou dost confound the dreaming of our seers,
Thou who in human guise, not flame, wouldst bring
Our world Thy message of its precious tears,
Its humblest service angel-winged with thought.
So hither unto Thee, O Saviour,—King,—
And Brother,—lo, the myrrh adoring brought!

At the Manger's Side
THOMAS WALSH

He that will, let him take the water of life freely.

When that our gentle Lord was born
And cradled in the hay
There rode three wise men from the east—

Three rich wise men were they—
All in the starry night they came
Their homage gifts to pay.

They got them down from camel-back,
The cattle shed before,
And in the darkness vainly sought
A great latch on the door,
"Ho! this is strange," quoth Balthazar,
"Aye, strange," quoth Melchior.

Quoth Gaspar, "I can find no hasp;
Well hidden is the lock";
"The door," quoth Melchior, "is stout
And fast, our skill to mock";
Quoth Balthazar, "The little King
Might wake, we dare not knock."

The three wise men they sat them down
To wait for morning dawn,
The cunning wards of that old door
They thought and marvelled on;
Quoth they, "No gate in all the East
Hath bar-bolts tighter drawn."

Anon there came a little lad
With lambskins for the King,
He had no key, he raised no latch,
He touched no hidden spring,
But gently pushed the silent door
And open it gan swing.

"A miracle! a miracle!"
Cried out the wise men three;
"A little child hath solved the locks
That could not opened be."
In wonder spake the shepherd lad,
"It hath no locks," quoth he.

A Ballad of Wise Men
GEORGE M. P. BAIRD

That in the ages to come he might show
the exceeding riches of his grace.

Where went the gifts the Magi bore
To Bethlehem Village long of yore?
As they rode all night through the haunting sands,
There were whispering voices and touching hands:
"Give us of that which your panniers hold!"
Then they who rode to each other spoke:
"They have followed us forth because of our gold—
The eager clan of the Faery Folk!"

And the Magi answered those voices in air:
"The gifts we carry we may not share.
The myrrh and the gems and the gold from the mine—
These are all for One—for a Child Divine."
Oh, then, how the silver laughters ran
Till they made to quiver the Guiding Star:
"We will visit, ourselves, this Child of Man,
We will ask of Him when ye're passed afar!

"All that He hath He will give away—
In the hands of the world a treasure will lay,
Treasure so vast, so more than gold,
That the hands of the world will scarcely hold
All that He hath for them in store:
We have no souls, that treasure to share;
He will give us the lesser—the glittering ore!"
Laughed the Faery Folk, unseen in air.

Thus, with the touch of asking hands,
The Magi rode through the haunted sands
And silently followed their Guiding Star.
They gave their gifts, and they passed afar.
If any came after, there's none to tell,
And where went their gold is none to say.
But this of a truth we know full well:
"*All that He hath He will give away.*"

The Magi and the Faery Folk
EDITH M. THOMAS

And the power of the Most High
shall overshadow thee.

Methinks the Blessèd was content, her journey over-
past,
Amid the drowsy, wondering kine on lowly bed to lie:
To dream in pensive thankfulness, and happy days
forecast,
While over her the Star of Hope waxed brighter in
the sky.

And yet, methinks in Bethlehem her spirit had been
lone
But for the tender new-born joy that in her arms she
bore,—
Ay, even though with gifts of gold and many a precious
stone
Great kings had knelt with shepherd folk about her
stable door.

But every mortal mother's heart knows its Gethsem-
ane—
That lonelier spot whereto no star the light of hope
may bring—
Yet even in the darkest hour, amidst her agony,
Each still remembers Bethlehem, and hears the angels
sing.

Mother Mary
FLORENCE EARLE COATES

But there were standing by the cross
of Jesus his mother and ——.

Melchior, Gaspar, Balthazar,
Great gifts they bore and meet;
White linen for His body fair
And purple for His feet;
And golden things—the joy of kings—
And myrrh to breathe Him sweet.

It was the shepherd Terish spake,
"Oh, poor the gift I bring—
A little cross of broken twigs,
A hind's gift to a king—
Yet, haply, He may smile to see
And know my offering."

And it was Mary held her Son
Full softly to her breast,
"Great gifts and sweet are at Thy feet
And wonders king-possessed,
O little Son, take Thou the one
That pleasures Thee the best."

It was the Christ-Child in her arms
Who turned from gaud and gold,
Who turned from wondrous gifts and great,
From purple woof and fold,
And to His breast the cross He pressed
That scarce His hands could hold.

'Twas king and shepherd went their way—
Great wonder tore their bliss;
'Twas Mary clasped her little Son
Close, close to feel her kiss,
And in His hold the cross lay cold
Between her heart and His!

The Ballad of the Cross
THEODOSIA GARRISON

And a sword shall pierce through thine own soul;
that thoughts out of many hearts shall be revealed.

Vines branching stilly
Shade the open door,
In the house of Zion's Lily
Cleanly and poor.
Oh, brighter than wild laurel
The Babe bounds in her hand,
The King, who for apparel
Hath but a swaddling band,
And sees her heavenlier smiling than stars in His command!

Soon, mystic changes
Part Him from her breast,
Yet there awhile He ranges
Gardens of rest:
Yea, she the first to ponder
Our ransom and recall,
Awhile may rock Him under
Her young curls' fall,
Against that only sinless love-loyal heart of all.

What shall inure Him
Unto the deadly dream,
When the tetrarch shall abjure Him,
The thief blaspheme,
And scribe and soldier jostle
About the shameful tree,

And even an Apostle
Demand to touch and see?
But she hath kissed her Flower where the Wounds
are to be.

Nativity Song
LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

Behold, this child is set
for a sign.

"Nay, but He is so helpless and so sweet,
Why, it is nothing more than if I pressed
An armful of white roses to my breast,
That only stir above my own heart's beat.
Why should a dream I dreamed destroy my rest?"
Yet even as she spake she felt the stir
Of wings that in the garden passed by her.

"He is so small, so weak against my heart,
A little wounded dove were strong as He.
He hath no other need than need of me,
Nor any life from my own life apart.
Why should I dread an olden prophecy?"
Yet even as she spake, she felt, like flame,
The voice that in the garden said her name.

"As lesser mothers are, am I not blest?
He is no other's but mine own, mine own,
No King, no Prophet, but my child alone,

Asking no other kingdom than my breast.
Let me be glad those foolish fears are done."
Yet even as she spake He stirred in her embrace,
Feeling her tears, her tears—upon His face.

The Tears of Mary
THEODOSIA GARRISON

Fear not, Mary: of his kingdom
there shall be no end!

O Mary, in thy clear young eyes
What sorrow came at His first cry?
What hint of how He was to die
Disturbed thee in the calm sunrise . . .
What shadow from the paling sky
Did fall across thy Paradise?

Dream'st thou the Garden, and the Tree?
Know they were for the little Child
Whose lips against thy warm breast smiled?
So sweet, that body close to thee,
By men's rough hands to be defiled;
So frail . . . yet waiting Calvary!

Stanzas from "The Madonna of the Carpenter Shop"
(*Dagnan-Bougeret*)
RUTH GUTHRIE HARDING

Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same
is my brother, and sister, and mother.

Three women meet beneath the Tree of Knowledge in Paradise; one has given up her birthright of motherhood that she might give her life entirely to the work of healing; the second has found her children in her songs; the third has never been sought, and has had to content herself with caring for the neglected children of others.

And then, on still, unhasting feet
One came to them with greeting brief.
Her smile so patient and so sweet
Was sadder than a rain of grief,
And as they looked into her eyes
Such silence fell upon the three
They heard the songs of Paradise
Beneath the Knowledge Tree.
"And I—" she said—"a child I bore—
A child I could not understand.
I watched Him wander more and more
Beyond the limits of my land.
His love was never less toward me,
But He was All, and I but one.
He passed unto Humanity,
And was no more my son."

The Childless

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

And his father and mother were marveling
at the things which were spoken concerning him.

After the Wise Men went, and the strange star
Had faded out, Joseph the father sat
Watching the sleeping Mother and the Babe,
And thinking stern, sweet thoughts the long night
through.

"Ah, what am I, that God has chosen me
To bear this blessed burden, to endure
Daily the presence of this loveliness,
To guide this Glory that shall guide the world?

"Brawny these arms to win Him bread, and broad
This bosom to sustain Her. But my heart
Quivers in lonely pain before that Beauty
It loves—and serves—and cannot understand!"

The Vigil of Joseph
ELSA BARKER

II

THE YOUTH OF JESUS

He led them also by a straight way,
that they might go to a city of habitation.

Thou wayfaring Jesus, a pilgrim and stranger,
Exiled from Heaven by love at Thy birth,
Exiled again from Thy rest in the manger,
A fugitive child 'mid the perils of earth,—
Cheer with Thy fellowship all who are weary,
Wandering far from the land that they love;
Guide every heart that is homeless and dreary,
Safe to its home in Thy presence above.

The Flight into Egypt
HENRY VAN DYKE

And Joseph arose and took the young child
and his mother and fled into Egypt.

The mighty river flows as when Thine eyes
Thy baby eyes, in wonder saw it flow.
The Pyramids stand there; no one may know
Their countless years, or ancient builders wise;
Thy childish gaze was caught in glad surprise
To see the haughty camels come and go;
The ass thy mother rode still ambles slow;

Unmoved by centuries the country lies.
Up from the calm, the peace, the mystic land,
  Back to the scene of conflict and of strife,
  Thy parents journeyed at the Lord's command.
A touch of glory rests upon the place
  Which gave its shelter to Thine infant grace,
  And nourished Thee to be the Life of Life.

Out of Egypt Have I Called My Son
CAROLINE HAZARD

And the grace of God was upon him.

Could every time-worn heart but see Thee once again
A happy human child, among the homes of men,
The age of doubt would pass,—the vision of Thy face
Would silently restore the childhood of the race.

The Nativity
HENRY VAN DYKE

That it might be fulfilled which was spoken through the prophets, that he should be called a Nazarene.

In Nazareth, upon its southern slope
  Of springtime hillside, lying in the sun
  With fresh grass from the winter hardly won
And blossoms that begin with joy to ope—

The lily of the field, in heliotrope
And splendid crimson, such as Solomon
In glory had not—the Angelic One
Brought all to life, with those great words of hope.
And from the crest of that fair mountain town
Far to the north, the height the Prophet sings,
The dome of dazzling snow, the country's crown,
The splendid majesty of Hermon lies,
The joy of His forefather David's eyes,
White as the herald angel's radiant wings.

Nazareth
CAROLINE HAZARD

And the life was the light of men.

A woman sings across the wild
A song of wonder sweet,
And everywhere her little Child
Follows her gliding feet.

He flutters like a petal white
Along the roadway's rim;
When He is tired, at latter-light,
His mother carries Him.

Sometimes a little silver star
Floats softly down the air,
Past mountains where the pure snows are,
And sits upon His hair.

Sometimes, when darkness is unfurled,
Upon her breast He lies,
And all the dreams of all the world
Flock to His dreamy eyes.

The Christ-Child
AGNES LEE

One of these little ones.

And have you seen my little Son
A-passing by to-day?
A butterfly with golden wings
Has lured Him far away.

Oh, you would know Him by His eyes;
Twin pools of twilight sweet,
Oh, you would know Him by His smile,
And by His little feet.

And if you find Him, give Him drink,
And give Him of your bread,
And mother Him upon your breast,
And stroke His weary head;

And should a thorn have bruised His hand,
I beg you, wash the stain;
And oh, pray lead Him to my hearth,
And to my arms again.

For I would place Him in my bed,
  And close His tender eyes,
And lay my heart anear His heart,
  And dream of Paradise.

Mary's Quest
SCHARMEL IRIS

And he took them in his arms and blessed them.

Where has He gone, our Playmate?
  We've sought Him high and low
Where gray-green olives ripen,
  Where haycocks stand a-row. . . .

We saw Him passing down the street
  An hour or so ago!

Where has He gone, our Comrade
  Who took us by the hand
And taught us to build houses
  With little heaps of sand?

He has gone forth to sojourn
  In a far foreign land!

Nay, but He would not leave us
  Who took us on His knee,

And set our fancies sailing
Like ships upon the sea. . . .

We think that He will never come
Again to Galilee!

The Playmate
HARRY KEMP

And his name shall be called Counsellor.

A little Child, a Joy-of-heart, with eyes
Unsearchable, he grew in Nazareth,
His daily speech so innocently wise
That all the town went telling: "Jesus saith."

At Nazareth
KATHARINE LEE BATES

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem,
so Jehovah is round about his people!

I stood by the Holy City
Without the Damascus Gate,
While the wind blew soft from the distant sea,
And the day was wearing late,
And swept its wide horizon
With reverent lingering gaze
From the rolling uplands of the west
That slope a hundred ways,

To Olivet's gray terraces
By Kedron's bed that rise,
Upon whose crest the Crucified
Was lost to mortal eyes;
And, far beyond, to the tawny line
Where the sun seemed still to fall—
So bright the hue against the blue,
Of Moab's mountain wall;
And north to the hills of Benjamin,
Whose springs are flowing yet,
Ramah, and sacred Mizpah,
Its dome above them set;
And the beautiful words of the Psalmist
Had meaning before unknown:
As the mountains are round Jerusalem
The Lord is round His own.

At Jerusalem
EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

***They found him** in the temple,*
sitting in the midst of the teachers,
asking them questions.

The young child, Christ, is straight and wise
And asks questions of the old men, questions
Found under running water for all children,
And found under shadows thrown on still waters
By tall trees looking downwards, old and gnarled,
Found to the eyes of children alone, untold,

Singing a low song in the loneliness.
And the young child, Christ, goes asking
And the old men answer nothing and only know love
For the young child, Christ, straight and wise.

Child
CARL SANDBURG

Knew ye not that I must be
in my Father's house?

What is it forces men to overrun
  Their safe and common paths, to meet the frown
  Of those they reverence, jeered by every clown,
Knowing no rest till some strange task is done,
Some luring secret from the darkness won?
  What is it makes life, love, and fair renown
  As naught—its far-off prize the martyr's crown?
'Tis God's great business, claiming thus His son.

So was it with the Boy Divine. Apart
  From those calm travellers on their homeward way,
He needs must utter from His questioning heart
  The burden that already on it lay;
And she who gently drew Him from the spot
Trembled, methinks, at that presaging "Wist ye not?"

My Father's Business
SARAH J. DAY

So many kinds of voices in the world . . .
Christ reconciling the world unto himself.

Little town of Nazareth
On the hillsides Galilean,
Oh, your name is like a pæan
Rising over dole and death!

I can see your domes and towers
Dazzle underneath the noon,
And your drowsy poppy-flowers
In the breezes sway and swoon.

I can see your olives quiver
With their opalescent sheen,
Like the ripples of a river
Gliding grassy banks between.

I can see your graceful daughters
Poise their slim-necked drinking-jars,
With their hair like twilight waters,
And their eyes like Syrian stars.

I can see your narrow byways
Where the folk go sandal-shod,—
All your dim bazaars and highways,
Every path that once He trod.

And I know that waking, sleeping,
Until time has ceased to be,
You will hold fast in your keeping
His beloved memory!

Little town of Nazareth
On the hillsides Galilean,
Oh, your name is like a pæan
Rising over dole and death!

Easter at Nazareth
CLINTON SCOLLARD

And he was subject unto them.

So sweetly through that humble home
The rippling laughter went
That Mary felt the world's blue dome
Too small for her content.

And careful Joseph, while he held
The boy in grave caress,
Wist not what tender thrill dispelled
His workday weariness.

The crown set softly, only rings
Of baby hair agleam
With lustres dropt from angels' wings
And starlight down a dream.

The thorn-tree was a seedling still,
And with laughter's frolic chime
The Christ-child did his father's will,
As when, of elder time,

A ruddy lad in Bethlehem
  Was keeping sheep and played
Blithe music on his harp to them
  Before the psalms were made.

Murillo's "Holy Family of the Little Bird"

KATHARINE LEE BATES

And Jesus advanced
in wisdom and stature.

I know, Lord, Thou hast sent Him—
Thou art so good to me!—
But Thou hast only lent Him,
  His heart's for Thee!—

I dared—Thy poor handmaiden—
Not ask a prophet-child:
Only a boy-babe laden
  For earth—and mild.

But this one Thou hast given
Seems not for earth—or me!
His lips flame truth from heaven,
  And vanity

Seem all my thoughts and prayers
When He but speaks Thy law;
Out of my heart the tares
  Are torn by awe!

I cannot look upon Him,
So strangely burn His eyes—
Hath not some grieving drawn Him
From Paradise?

For Thee, for Thee I'd live, Lord!
Yet oft I almost fall
Before Him—Oh, forgive, Lord,
My sinful thrall!

But e'en when He was nursing,
A baby at my breast,
It seemed He was dispersing
The world's unrest.

Thou badst me call Him "Jesus,"
And from our heavy sin
I know He shall release us,
From Sheol win.

But, Lord, forgive! the yearning
That He may sometimes be
Like other children, learning
Beside my knee,

Or playing, prattling, seeking
For help—comes to my heart . . .
Oh sinful, Lord, I'm speaking—
How good Thou art!

Mary at Nazareth
CALE YOUNG RICE

And the government shall be
upon his shoulder.

When, for the last time from His mother's home
The Son went forth, foreseeing perfectly
What doom would happen, and what things would
come,
Was there upon His lips no stifled sigh
For happy hours that should return no more,
Long days among the lilies, pure delights
Of wanderings by Galilee's fair shore,
And converse with His friends on starry nights?
Yet brave He stepped into the setting sun
With this one word, "Father, Thy will be
done!"

With a low voice the stooping olive trees
Whispered to Him of His Gethsemane;
The cruel thorn-bush, clinging to His knees,
Proclaimed, "I shall be made a crown for Thee!"
And, looking back, His eyes made dim with loss,
He saw the lintel of the cottage grow
In shape against the sunset, like a cross,
And knew He had not very far to go.
Yet brave He stepped into the setting sun,
Still saying this one word, "Thy will be done!"

So, when the last time, from His mother's home
The Son passed out, no choir of angels came,
As long before at Bethlehem they had come,
To comfort Him upon the road of shame.

Alone He went, and stopped a little space,
As one o'erburdened, stopped to look again
Upon His mother's pleading form and face,
And wept for her, that she should know this pain.
Then, silently, He faced the setting sun,
And said, "Oh, Father, let Thy will be done!"

Mother and Son
W. J. Dawson

For even his brethren
did not believe on him.

Joses, the brother of Jesus, plodded from day to day
With never a vision within him to glorify his clay;
Joses, the brother of Jesus, was one with the heavy clod,
But Christ was the soul of rapture, and soared, like a lark, with God.
Joses, the brother of Jesus, was only a worker in wood,
And he never could see the glory that Jesus, his brother, could.
"Why stays he not in the workshop?" he often used to complain,
"Sawing the Lebanon cedar, imparting to woods their stain?
Why must he go thus roaming, forsaking my father's trade,
While hammers are busily sounding, and there is gain to be made?"

Thus ran the mind of Joses, apt with plummet and
rule,
And deeming whoever surpassed him either a knave
or a fool,—
For he never walked with the prophets in God's great
garden of bliss—
And of all mistakes of the ages, the saddest, methinks,
was this
To have such a brother as Jesus, to speak with him
day by day,
But never to catch the vision which glorified his clay.

Joses, the Brother of Jesus
HARRY KEMP

Is not this the carpenter's son?

I wish I had been His apprentice, to see Him each
morning at seven,
As He tossed His gray tunic far from Him, the Master
of earth and of heaven.
When He lifted the lid of His work chest and opened
His carpenter's kit
And looked at His chisels and augers, and took the
bright tools out of it
While He gazed at the rising sun tinting the dew on
the opening flowers
And smiled as He thought of His Father, whose love
floods this planet of ours,

When He fastened His apron about Him, and put on
His working-man's cap,
And grasped the smooth hasp of the hammer, to give
the bent woodwork a tap,
Saying, "Lad, let me finish this ox yoke. The farmer
must put in his crop."
O, I wish I had been His apprentice and worked in
the Nazareth shop!

Some wish they had been on Mount Tabor, to hearken
unto His high speech
When the quick and the dead were beside Him, He
holding communion with each.
Some wish they had heard the soft accents that stilled
the wee children's alarms,
When He won the sweet babes from their mothers and
folded them fast in His arms.
Some wish they had stood by the Jordan when holy
John greeted Him there
And seen the white dove of the Spirit fly down o'er
the path of His prayer.
Some wish they had seen the Redeemer when into the
basin He poured
The water, and, girt with a towel, the servant of all
was the Lord.
But for me, if I had the choosing, O this would them
all overtop,
To work all day steady beside Him, of old in the
Nazareth shop.

These heavenly wonders would fright me, I cannot
approach to them yet.
But, O, to have seen Him, when toiling, His forehead
all jeweled with sweat,
To hear Him say softly, "My helper, now bring me
the level and rule."
To hear Him bend over and teach me the use of the
artisan's tool.
To hear Him say, "This is a sheep gate, to keep in
the wandering flock,"
Or, "This is stout oaken house sill. I hope it will
rest on a rock."
And sometimes His mother might bring us our meal
in the midsummer heat,
Outspread it so simply before us, and bid us sit down
and eat.
Then with both of us silent before Him, the blessed
Messiah would stop
To say grace, and a tremulous glory would fill the
Nazareth shop.

The Nazareth Shop
ROBERT MCINTYRE

The measure of the stature
of the fullness of Christ!

And yet the daily task is sacred too,
And he who serves the Highest will not spurn
The humbler service, nor unloving turn
From claims of human kinship. No less true

A mastery of our wills is that which through
Apprenticeship to other wills we learn,
Not servile, yet submissive to discern
God's bidding when a lowlier bids to do.

So through those silent unrecorded years
The matchless life grew slowly into power,
Brooding its mystery of hopes and fears
And moving ever forward toward the hour
When He who first had served at Nazareth
Life's Lord became, obedient unto Death.

Was Subject Unto Them
SARAH J. DAY

A workman that needeth not to be ashamed,
handling aright the word of truth.

The altar flame was white, the flowers red,
Through the hushed chancel, from the altar side,
Came the priest's prayer before the Living Bread,
He prayed, "O Victim, opening wide—"

Rough scaffolding outside a shadow threw
On the tall window, veiled to hide the sun,
Crossbeams and bars, a tracery that grew
To a mute symbol of the day begun.

For, climbing, pausing, noiseless as a thought,
Black on the amber curtain's narrow span,
Among the bars and beams his hands had wrought,
There rose and crossed the shadow of a man.

A man—a carpenter. What breath of awe
  Swept cold across our prayer-wrapt ecstasy,
In place of lights and kneeling priest, we saw
  A workman's home in far-off Galilee.

Thy Church, Thy brother workman!—This we know—
  (Help us, O Christ, the gulf is deep and wide!)
We kneel in peace where the tall candles glow,
  Thy brother workmen face the world—outside.

The Shadow
ELIZABETH CARTER

Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?
Philip saith unto him, Come and see.

Nazareth town in Galilee!
Set where the paths lead up from the sea
That like the chords of a mighty lyre
Dirges over the rocks of Tyre,
Mourns where the piers of Sidon shone,
And the battlements of Ascalon.
They have waned as the sunset wanes;
Little more than a name remains;
But more than a name we hold it,—we,—
Nazareth town in Galilee!

Nazareth town in Galilee!
Ah, what a golden harmony
The dawn seems, flooding its bright white walls!
And, when the violet twilight falls,

What vast processional of stars
Pageants over its stilled bazaars!
And when the full moon touches the height
Of Tabor, a torch of brilliant light,
Never was sight more fair to see;—
Nazareth town in Galilee!

Nazareth town in Galilee!
Strumming a desert melody,
The Bedouin minstrel trolls in the street;
At the Well of the Virgin the maidens meet;
The cactus-hedges crimson to flower,
The olives silver hour by hour
As through their branches the south wind steals;
A clear bell peals, and a vulture wheels
Over the crest where the wild crags be;—
Nazareth town in Galilee!

Nazareth town in Galilee!
At the sound of the words how memory
Kindles as earth does under the spring,
Till the dead days rise for our visioning;
And out of them one compassionate face
Beams with a more than mortal grace;
Out of them one inspiring voice
Cries in the ears of the world, "Rejoice!"
And ever a beacon of hope shall be
Nazareth town in Galilee!

Nazareth Town
CLINTON SCOLLARD

And his mother kept all these sayings
in her heart.

Mary sat in the corner dreaming,
  Dim was the room and low,
While in the dusk the saw went screaming
  To and fro.

Jesus and Joseph toiled together,
  Mary was watching them,
Thinking of Kings in the wintry weather
  At Bethlehem.

Mary sat in the corner thinking,
  Jesus had grown a man;
One by one her hopes were sinking
  As the years ran.

Jesus and Joseph toiled together,
  Mary's thoughts were far—
Angels sang in the wintry weather
  Under a star.

Mary sat in the corner weeping,
  Bitter and hot her tears—
Little faith were the angels keeping
  All the years.

In the Carpenter's Shop
SARA TEASDALE

He was in the world,
and the world knew him not . . .

The summer dawn came over-soon,
The earth was like hot iron at noon
In Nazareth;
There fell no rain to ease the heat,
And dusk drew on with tired feet
And stifled breath.

The shop was low and hot and square,
And fresh-cut wood made sharp the air,
While all day long
The saw went tearing through the oak
That moaned as tho' the tree's heart broke
Beneath its wrong.

The narrow street was full of cries,
Of bickering and snarling lies
In many keys—
The tongues of Egypt and of Rome
And lands beyond the shifting foam
Of windy seas.

Sometimes a ruler riding fast
Scattered the dark crowds as he passed,
And drove them close
In doorways, drawing broken breath
Lest they be trampled to their death
Where the dust rose.

There in the gathering night and noise
A group of Galilean boys
Crowding to see
Gray Joseph toiling with his son,
Saw Jesus, when the task was done,
Turn wearily.

He passed them by with hurried tread
Silently, nor raised his head,
He who looked up
Drinking all beauty from his birth
Out of the heaven and the earth
As from a cup.

And Mary, who was growing old,
Knew that the pottage would be cold
When he returned;
He hungered only for the night,
And westward, bending sharp and bright,
The thin moon burned.

He reached the open western gate
Where whining halt and leper wait,
And came at last
To the blue desert, where the deep
Great seas of twilight lay asleep,
Windless and vast.

With shining eyes the stars awoke,
The dew lay heavy on his cloak,

The world was dim;
And in the stillness he could hear
His secret thoughts draw very near
And call to him.

Faint voices lifted shrill with pain
And multitudinous as rain;
From all the lands
And all the villages thereof
Men crying for the gift of love
With outstretched hands.

Voices that called with ceaseless crying
The broken and the blind, the dying,
And those grown dumb
Beneath oppression, and he heard
Upon their lips the single word,
"Come!"

Their cries engulfed him like the night,
The moon put out her placid light
And black and low
Nearer the heavy thunder drew,
Hushing the voices . . . yet he knew
That he would go.

. . . . . .

A quick-spun thread of lightning burns,
And for a flash the day returns—

He only hears
Joseph, an old man bent and white,
Toiling along from morn till night
Through all the years.

Swift clouds make all the heavens blind,
A storm is running on the wind—
He only sees
How Mary will stretch out her hands
Sobbing, who never understands
Voices like these.

The Carpenter's Son
SARA TEASDALE

III

THE MINISTRY OF JESUS

Thou art my beloved Son:
in thee I am well pleased.

Erect in youthful grace and radiant
With spirit forces, all imparadised
In a divine compassion, down the slant
Of these remembering hills He came, the Christ.

By the Sea of Galilee
KATHARINE LEE BATES

Lo, the world is gone after him!

At last the very land whose breath he breathed,
The very hills his bruisèd feet did climb!
This is his Olivet; on this Mount he stood,
As I do now, and with this same surprise
Straight down into the startling blue he gazed
Of the fair, turquoise mid-sea of the plain.
That long, straight, misty, dream-like, violet wall
Of Moab—lo, how close it looms! The same
Quick human wonder struck his holy vision.
About these feet the flowers he knew so well.
Back where the city's shadow slowly climbs
There is a wood of Olives gaunt and gray
And centuries old; it holds the name it bore
That night of agony and bloody sweat.

I tell you when I looked upon these fields
And stony valleys,—through the purple veil
Of twilight, or what time the Orient sun
Made shining jewels of the barren rocks,—
Something within me trembled; for I said:
This picture once was mirrored in his eyes;
This sky, that lake, those hills, this loveliness,
To him familiar were; this is the way
To Bethany; the red anemones
Along yon wandering path mark the steep road
To green-embowered Jordan. All is his:
These leprous outcasts pleading piteously;
This troubled country,—troubled then as now,
And wild and bloody,—this is his own land.
On such a day, girdled by these same hills,
Prest by his dark-browed, sullen, Orient crowd,
On yonder mount, spotted with crimson blooms,
He closed his eyes, in that dark tragedy
Which mortal spirit never dared to sound.
O God! I saw those eyes in every throng.

Part of a poem entitled, *In Palestine*
RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Toward the sea, beyond the Jordan,
Galilee of the Gentiles.

Bright 'neath the Syrian sun, dim 'neath the Syrian
star,
Thus lieth Galilee's sea, sapphirine lake Gennesar;

Girdled by mountains that range purple and proud
to their crests,
Bearing the burden of dreams,—glamour of eld,—on
their breasts.

Just one white glint of a sail dotting the brooding
expanse;
Beaches that sparkle and gleam, ripples that darkle
and dance;

Grandeur and beauty and peace welded year-long into
one,
Under the Syrian star, under the Syrian sun!

And over all and through all memories sweet of His
name,
Kindling the past with their light, touching the future
with flame!

Gennesar

CLINTON SCOLLARD

And straightway the Spirit
driveth him forth into the wilderness.

Up from the Jordan straight His way He took
To that lone wilderness, where rocks are hurled,
And strewn, and piled,—as if the ancient world
In strong convulsions seethed and writhed and shook,

Which heaved the valleys up, and sunk each brook,
And flung the molten rock like ribbons curled
In mists of gray around the mountains whirled:—
A grim land, of a fierce, forbidding look.
The wild beasts haunt its barren stony heights,
And wilder visions came to tempt Him there;
For forty days and forty weary nights,
Alone He faced His mortal self and sin,
Chaos without, and chaos reigned within,
Subdued and conquered by the might of prayer.

The Wilderness
CAROLINE HAZARD

And Jesus went about in all Galilee,
preaching the gospel of the kingdom.

Should not the glowing lilies of the field
With keener splendor mark His footprints yet
—Prints of the gentle feet whose passing healed
All blight from Tabor unto Olivet?

In His Steps
KATHARINE LEE BATES

The multitude welcomed him,
for they were all waiting for him.

Where the patient oxen were, by the ass's stall,
Watching my Lord's manger knelt the waking cattle all;
'Twas a little country maid vigil by Him kept—
All among the country things my good Lord slept.

Fair was Rome the city on that early Christmas morn,
Yet among the country-folk was my Lord born!

Country-lads that followed Him, blithe they were and
kind,
It was only city folk were hard to Him and blind:
Ay, He told of lilies, and of grain and grass that grew,
Fair things of the summer fields my good Lord knew,
By the hedgerows' flowering there He laid His head—
It was in the country that my Lord was bred.

When the cross weighed down on Him, on the grievous
road,
'Twas a kindly countryman raised my good Lord's load;
Peasant-girls of Galilee, folk of Nazareth
These were fain to follow him down the ways of death—
Yea, beyond a city wall, underneath the sky,
Out in open country did my good Lord die.

When He rose to Heaven on that white Ascension day
Last from open country did my good Lord pass away;
Rows of golden seraphim watched where He should
dwell,
Yet it was the country-folk had my Lord's farewell:
Out above the flowered hill, from the mossy grass,
Up from open country did my good Lord pass.

Where the jewelled minsters are, where the censers
sway,
There they kneel to Christ the Lord on this His bearing-
day:

But I shall stay to greet Him where the bonny fields
begin,
Like the fields that once my good Lord wandered in,
Where His thorn-tree flowered once, where His sparrows soared,
In the open country of my good Lord!

A Country Carol
MARGARET WIDDEMER

What think ye of the Christ?

Comes any good from Nazareth?
The scornful challenge as of old
Is flung on many a jeering breath
From cloistered cells and marts of gold.

Comes any good from Nazareth?
Behold, the mighty Nazarene,
The Lord of life, the Lord of death,
Through warring ages walks serene.

One touch upon his garment's fringe
Still heals the hurt of bitter years.
Before Him yet the demons cringe,
He gives the wine of joy for tears.

O city of the Carpenter,
Upon the hill slope old and gray,
The world amid its pain and stir
Turns yearning eyes on thee to-day.

For He who dwelt in Nazareth,
And wrought with toil of hand and brain,
Alone gives victory to faith
Until the day He come again.

From Nazareth
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

He opened his mouth and taught them, saying—

An upland plain, with sandy soil and bare;
Tall tufts of grass start from the barren ground
And branching bushes; scattered all around
Are jagged rocks to form a shelter where
The foxes still have holes and make their lair;
While birds of prey up in the still profound
Of lambent sky are circling o'er the mound
Twin-crested, basking in the spring-time air.
It was upon that sun-crowned little hill
Beneath the Syrian sky the Master spoke
Such blessed words that they are living still;
"I have compassion on the multitude;"
And while He blessed and gave them mortal food
The everlasting bread for them He broke.

The Mount of Beatitudes
CAROLINE HAZARD

And he spoke also this parable unto certain who trusted in themselves that they were righteous.

Two men went up into God's place to pray,
The one a Pharisee. He stood apart.
Evening in flight had dropped immortal flowers
Of sunset bloom. The quiet city lay
Like a pale gem beneath a night of stars,
And no sound rose.

Besought the Pharisee,
Beating his head upon the marble wall,
"God, God, I thank Thee for this bitterness;
I thank Thee that, in anguish, I am lift
Above my fellows, that Thou choosest me
For throes that rend no other, that Thou givest
An awful and peculiar agony
Such as *One* only bore. I thank Thee, God!"
Then as he prayed, he listened to the sobs
Heaving up from his soul, counted the tears
That burned upon his face, and held his woe
Supreme!

The other knelt, a Publican,
In sober dress and common attitude.
He prayed, "Ah, stern Jehovah, Thou dost take
My self-belief, my courage and my joy,
Even mine inmost treasure, secret love!
I bow to Thy decree. Mayhap Thy sword
Smites with like heaviness this desolate man
Beside me. We are brothers in despair.
Am I then isolate before Thy wrath?

Am I then all alone in agony?
Behold, Thy pitiless, ironic word
Brands us alike, the mighty Pharisee
And the poor blinded, weeping Publican!"

The Pharisee
DOROTHY LANDERS BEALL

But while he was yet afar off,
his father saw him, and was moved with compassion.

Here feast I at my Father's board,
  Who starved among the swine;
For me must every foot be fleet
  And every lamp must shine;
For me the merry music sounds,
  The dancers dip and twine.

My heart beats fast against my robe,
  The best robe, soft and red;
With sobbing breath and tightening throat
  And tears in rapture shed,
I feel His ring upon my hand,
  His blessings on my head.

Ah, bitter was the way, and oft
  My blood my path would trace;
And guilt and grief and stabbing shame
  With all my steps kept pace;
And yet I famished not for bread
  So sore as for His face.

The road seemed endless. On I fared,
  Wresting each mile from death;
Then such an awe upon me fell
  I scarce could draw my breath;
My spirit felt His coming as
  Of one that succoreth.

Blind, fainting, to His mighty breast
  He caught and held me fast;
I knew the fortress of His arms
  About my weakness cast;
And, when He kissed my traitor cheek,
  I guessed His heart at last.

The piteous words I oft had conned
  I trembling strove to say;
But sudden glory round me poured
  A brighter, richer day.
In wonderment I lifted up
  My head that drooping lay.

The glory streamed from out His eyes,
  As from all Beauty's throne.
O depths of love unthinkable
  That in that splendor shone!
O pain of love that travaileth
  And bleedeth for its own!

O gleam of wisdom hoar with eld
  Ere sang the stars of morn!

O shifting, blending, dazzling lights,
That thrilled my hope forlorn
To undreamed miracles of joy
And surge of life reborn!

. . . . . .

He brought me home, and here I sit,
Even in my boyhood's place;
And on my very soul is stamped
Each largess of His grace;
But still transfiguring all I see
That radiance of His face!

The Prodigal Son
MARION PELTON GUILD

Now there was a man of the Pharisees named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews: the same came to Jesus by night.

And Nicodemus came by night
When none might hear or see—
He came by night to shun men's sight
And away by night slunk he.

He dared not come by light of day
To move where sinners trod:
He must hold apart from the common heart,
For he was a Man of God.

But the honest Christ, He walked with men
  Nor held his ways apart—
With publicans talked, with harlots walked,
  And loved them all in his heart. . . .

Came Nicodemus to Christ by night;
  And long they reasoned, alone,
Till the Old Man saw the sham of the Law
  That turned his being to stone:

He tore the formal husks from his life,
  He was born again, though gray.
And, erect with the youth of a Living Truth,
  He dared the world by day!

Nicodemus
HARRY KEMP

For Mary hath chosen the good part,
which shall not be taken away from her.

Now the Martha of her stiffened to her load,
  Down-weighing, of relentless daily care.
Now she straightened upright, would not bend nor break,
  But held herself all iron standing there.

When the Mary of her called unto her soul,
  And made a moan, and cried to it in vain:
"Oh, this woman—look! She fretteth overmuch
  And leaves no space for me; Lord, I complain."

But the Martha of her listened with the sigh
  Of those too weary or too strong to rest:
"Tell who taketh, then, this burden if I cease,
  And empty both my hands upon my breast."

Oh, a soul divided is a soul forspent,
  She went still asking: "Is it I? Or I?"
Low forever through the silence Mary spoke,
  And Martha, sad and sure, did make reply.

Till the irony and harmony of death
  Made out of these a concord high and sweet.
When the Martha of the woman, toiling, passed,
  Estranged from ease, she sought her Master's feet.

"Now my turn has come, my turn at last," she cried,
  "My time to worship, listening to Thy word."
Ah, but calm beyond her, fair above her still,
  The Mary of her knelt before the Lord.

The Twain of Her
ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD

Foxes have holes and birds have nests,
but the Son of Man hath not where to
lay his head.

No longer of Him be it said,
"He hath no place to lay His head."

In every land a constant lamp
Flames by His small and mighty camp.

There is no strange and distant place
That is not gladdened by His face.

And every nation kneels to hail
The Splendor shining through its veil.

Cloistered beside the shouting street,
Silent, He calls me to His feet.

Imprisoned for His love of me
He makes my spirit greatly free.

And through my lips that uttered sin
The King of Glory enters in.

Citizen of the World
JOYCE KILMER

And lifting up their eyes,
they saw no one, save Jesus only.

If Death should visit me to-night
And bid me forth unto the skies
I pray Thee, Christ, to let me see
No jasper paradise.

But Thee, in fields of asphodel,
Familiar as my earth-eyes knew,
With face uplift and radiant,
The Christ that Raphael drew.

The Christ of Raphael's Transfiguration
MARY BOWEN BRAINERD

Raise the stone, and there thou shalt find Me;
cleave the wood, and there am I. Logion V.

Hear the word that Jesus spake
Eighteen centuries ago,
Where the crimson lilies blow
Round the blue Tiberian lake:
There the bread of life he brake,
Through the fields of harvest walking
With His lowly comrades, talking
Of the secret thoughts that feed
Weary hearts in time of need.
Art thou hungry? Come and take;
Hear the word that Jesus spake:
'Tis the sacrament of labour; meat and drink divinely blest;
Friendship's food, and sweet refreshment; strength and courage, joy and rest.

Yet this word the Master said,
Long ago and far away,
Silent and forgotten lay
Buried with the silent dead,—
Where the sands of Egypt spread,
Sea-like, tawny billows heaping
Over ancient cities sleeping;
While the River Nile between
Rolls its summer flood of green,
Rolls its autumn flood of red,—
There the word the Master said

Written on a frail papyrus, scorched by fire, wrinkled, torn,
Hidden in God's hand, was waiting for its resurrection morn.

Hear the Master's risen word!
Delving spades have set it free,—
Wake! the world has need of thee,—
Rise, and let thy voice be heard,
Like a fountain disinterred,
Upward springing, singing, sparkling;
Through the doubtful shadows darkling;
Till the clouds of pain and rage
Brooding o'er the toiling age,
As with rifts of light are stirred
By the music of the word;
Gospel for the heavy-laden, answer to the labourer's cry;
"Raise the stone, and thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and there am I."

A Lost Word of Jesus
HENRY VAN DYKE

Come unto Me and I will give you rest.

We labor and are heavy-laden. Where
Shall we find rest unto our souls? We bleed
On thorn and flint, and rove in pilgrim weed
From shrine to shrine, but comfort is not there.

What went we out into thy desert bare,
O Human Life, to see? Thy greenest reed
Is Love, unmighty for our utmost need,
And shaken with the wind of our despair.
A voice from Heaven like dew on Hermon falleth,
That voice whose passion paled the olive leaf
In thy dusky aisles, Gethsemane, thou blest
Of gardens. 'Tis the Man of Sorrows calleth,
The Man of Sorrows and acquaint with grief:
"Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

Come Unto Me
KATHARINE LEE BATES

For power came from him,
and healed them all.

"Some one has touched me,—touched my garment hem;
For I perceive that power hath issued hence."
There stayed the Christ midway, and journeyed thence
To her just dropped from Jairus' diadem,—
A virgin shining pure, worth living, gem
Of Israel. Can Jesus recompense?
He may? Who stopped him? Dared such give offense?
'Twas one impure,—and cured! He answers them:
"Power hath gone out from me." O, thus began,
And thus continued, His atonement true.

Drop after drop, His anguished heart gave man
  The life that saves, till death o'er-anxious grew
To meet Him face to face, with hell's dire clan.
  Then Christ gave all, and sin and death o'erthrew.

The Cost of Saving
FRANK W. GUNSAULUS

Consider the lilies
of the field!

Thy loveliness is meek and free
  From arrogance, and yet I find
A certain stately pride in thee
  That wakens reverie in my mind

And well I ween why it is so!—
  A lily once the Master took
His lesson from, then let it go,
  But first He blessed it with a look.

Ah! who can doubt the flower was thrilled
  With tremblings strange and raised its head
With joy, its lovesome body filled
  With sense of what the Master said?

And lilies since, forevermore,
  Do hold them high, do bear them well,
Do raise their cups more proudly, for
  The lily of the parable.

The Lily
RICHARD BURTON

Come ye apart into a desert place
and rest a while.

A pale light streaming through the rainy sky
Like peace through sorrow, comforting the eye
On our Palm Sunday, wayworn pilgrims three,
Beside the lonely lake of Galilee
—Most blest of lakes, whose hush remembers yet
Those multitudes on broad Gennesaret,
The reaching arms, the cries that still pursued,
As Jesus sought the mid-sea solitude.

How oft Mount Hermon, in the sunset glow,
Would cleave its clouds, exceeding white as snow,
An alabaster altar crowned with fire,
To worship Him, the blind world's long Desire,
The Christ, a guest in some rude fishing-boat,
Wrapt in His seamless Galilean coat,
Forspent with healing, drawing heavy breath,
The Lord of Life Who went the way of death.

And He, on whom our mortal weakness weighed,
—Even on Him, Whom winds and waves obeyed,—
Would peradventure watch, too tired for prayer,
That sudden splendor melt in purple air,
As dusk drew over and the stars shone out,
Until the murmurous ripples, that about
The rocking keel intoned their timid psalms,
Were to His slumber like the sound of palms.

If then stepped soft the sons of Zebedee
To ease the drooping head on patient knee

Or coil of net for pillow, surely they
Marvelled above the Dreamer, for He lay
With tender triumph on the wistful face,
As of one welcomed by the waving grace
Of fair green branches, while their hearts in them
Burned with impatience for Jerusalem.

Palm Sunday in Galilee
KATHARINE LEE BATES

Why are ye fearful?
Have ye not yet faith?

What shall we do when the great tides knock
And remorseless enter though walls be rock?
When the strong waves dash and the surges roll
And Creation's forces o'erwhelm the soul?
Christ! oh Christ! once again say "Peace!"
Yet once again bid the tempest cease!

What shall we do when the tides go back,
When the dull sky hangs over weed and wrack,
When there's nothing left for the dreary strand
But a foam-spread waste and a sea-wet sand?
Once again, oh Christ! build Thy little fire;
Feed and comfort us, Heart's Desire!

Consolator
MARIA ELMENDORF LILLIE

Put out into the deep
and let down your nets for a draught.

Yea, we have toiled all night. All night
We kept the boats, we cast the nets.
Nothing avails: the tides withhold,
The Sea hears not, and God forgets.

Long ere the sunset, we took leave
Of them at home whom want doth keep;
Now bitterness be all their bread
And tears their drink, and death their sleep!

The gaunt moon stayed to look on us
And marvel we abode so still.
Again we cast, again we drew
The nets that naught but hope did fill.

And while the grasp of near Despair
Did threaten nearer with the day,
Leagues out, the bounteous silver-sides
Leaped through the sheltering waves, at play!

So, stricken with the cold that smites
Death to a dying heart at morn,
We waited, thralls to hunger, such
As the strong stars may laugh to scorn.

And while we strove, leagues out, afar,
Returning tides,—with mighty hands
Full of the silver!—passed us by
To cast it upon alien lands.

Against the surge of hope we stood
  And the waves laughed with victory;
Yet at our heart-strings, with the nets,
  Tugged the false promise of the sea.

So all the night-time we kept watch;
  And when the years of night were done,
Aflame with hunger, stared on us
  The fixed red eye of yonder sun.

Thou Wanderer from land to land,
  Say who Thou art that bids us strive
Once more against the eternal Sea
  That loves to take strong men alive.

Lo, we stood fast, and we endure:
  But trust not Thou the Sea we know,
Mighty of bounty and of hate,
  Slayer and friend, with ebb and flow.

Thou hast not measured strength as we
  Sea-faring men that toil. And yet—
Once more, once more—at Thy strange word,
  Master, we will let down the net!

The Fishers
JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

And he came forth and saw a great multitude,
and he had compassion on them.

When the golden evening gathered on the shore of Galilee,
When the fishing boats lay quiet by the sea,
Long ago the people wondered, tho' no sign was in the sky,
For the glory of the Lord was passing by.

Not in robes of purple splendor, not in silken softness shod,
But in raiment worn with travel came their God,
And the people knew His presence by the heart that ceased to sigh
When the glory of the Lord was passing by.

For He healed their sick at even, and He cured the leper's sore,
And sinful men and women sinned no more,
And the world grew mirthful-hearted, and forgot its misery
When the glory of the Lord was passing by.

Not in robes of purple splendor, but in lives that do His will,
In patient acts of kindness He comes still;
And the people cry with wonder, tho' no sign is in the sky,
That the glory of the Lord is passing by.

How He Came
W. J. Dawson

To-day is salvation come to this house.
For the Son of man came to seek and to save
that which was lost.

This plain made bright with streaks of crimson clay
  And sprinkled o'er with grains of golden sand—
  The vestige of a long-forgotten strand—
Once saw the host of Israel as it lay
With pikes and trumpets in war's fierce array.
  Now in the grass the solemn wild storks stand,
  A pensive silence broods upon the land,
Unbroken by the shout which won that day.

Zaccheus lived here, who desired to see
  When Christ came down the Jordan wilderness;
  And one born blind cried out exceedingly.
I too am blind, my Lord; oh, give me sight!
  Illume my mind, Thou very Light of Light!
  I cannot let Thee go until Thou bless.

Jericho
CAROLINE HAZARD

He told me all things that ever I did.

Too well I know what the voices mean—
The tale of the mart, the cry of the street,
The whispered word and the grin unclean
That follow my weary-moving feet—

I am what they will not forget
Who kept their girlhood clean and free—
A woman of the street, and yet,
The Christ's own hand fell soft on me.

Bitter it is to feel and know
I love the life I now must lead—
The thrilling glare, the flaunting show,
The painted craft, the shallow greed:
Yes, I could find it in my power
To laugh and burn my life away,
But that there comes a little hour
Between the fevered night and day,

In the chill dawn, perhaps, or blown
Down the still pave, when one by one
The beacon street-lamps wink alone,
The day's work ended, mine begun—
Then like a knell of death I hear
"Thou art forgiv'n: go, sin no more!"
But whither can I take my fear,
And who will bide the leper's sore?

A Woman of Samaria
DOUGLAS DUER

Go, and sin no more.

Master, what work hast thou for me,—
For me, who turn aside in shame
Before the eyes of my own blame?
Thou seest, Lord.

I see.
That shame for Me thou shalt endure,
That thou mayst succour souls afraid,
Who would not dare to seek for aid
The mercilessly pure.

But must my heart forever show
These scars of unforgotten pain?
May it be never whole again?
Thou knowest, Lord.

I know.
Those scars I leave thee for a sign
That bleeding hearts may creep to rest
As on a mother's sheltering breast
On that scarred heart of thine.

Magdalen to Christ
AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

And I give unto them eternal life;
and they shall never perish.

Lazarus tells the people that crowd about him why he came back from the land of the dead.

Lazarus—

Who has seen Heaven
May pass no speech upon it. I grow dumb
And helpless thinking of it, with no words
But for one only thing, and that the best,
Since that it lured me out of perfect bliss
And Heaven was not strong to keep me from it.

The crowd—

The Christ! The Christ!

A man—

I think it was His face
That shone upon thee. If I were dispersed
Into the various ways of sun and dew,
A portion of the slow mood of the soil
And sweet thought of the air, I would return
And, reaching helpless hands out of the dust,
Gathering dimly out of stone and rain,
Would rear myself before Him if His face
But shone upon the world where I abode.

Lazarus—

Nay, not the love and solace of His face.

A woman—

What drew thee, then? The way were cold to come
With no dear smile to lure. What better thing
Bade thee from Paradise?

A man—

It was His voice!
Ay! Were I feasting with the happy dead
And shouting with great laughter, I would rise,
Forgetting love and cheer for ways forlorn
So that His voice called.

Lazarus—

Nay—not His voice.

A woman—

Thou camest all alone? What swayed thee, then,
To seek our sorrow from the blessed dead?

Lazarus—

A great desire led me out alone
From those assured abodes of perfect bliss.
One thing more fair than they, more keen, more sweet!
And I was swayed before it helplessly,
For the desire of it; and I rose,
And stepped from those slow æons of delight
And by the way I went came seeking earth,
Seeing before my eyes one only thing—

The crowd—

What was it, Lazarus? Let us share that thing.
What was it, brother, thou didst see?

Lazarus—

A cross.

Passage from *Lazarus*
ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

IV

THE GREAT WEEK IN JESUS' LIFE

My house shall be called a house of prayer
for all the nations.

On the day that Christ ascended
To Jerusalem,
Singing multitudes attended,
And the very heavens were rended
With the shout of them.

Chanted they a sacred ditty,
Every heart elate;
But he wept in brooding pity,
Then went in the holy city
By the Golden Gate.

In the temple, lo! what lightning
Makes unseemly rout!
He in anger, sudden, frightening,
Drives with scorn and scourge the whitening
Money-changers out.

By the way that Christ descended
From Mount Olivet,
I, a lonely pilgrim, wended,
On the day his entry splendid
Is remembered yet.

And I thought: If he, returning
On this high festival,
Here should haste with love and yearning,
Where would now his fearful, burning
Anger flash and fall?

In the very house they builded
To his saving name,
'Mid their altars, gemmed and gilded,
Would his scourge and scorn be wielded,
His fierce lightning flame?

Once again, O Man of Wonder,
Let thy voice be heard!
Speak as with a sound of thunder;
Drive the false thy roof from under,
Teach thy priests thy word.

The Anger of Christ
RICHARD WATSON GILDER

But ye have made it a den of robbers.

That day the doves with burnished breasts
Uneasy were; we, halt and blind and lame,
Within the temple waited, ugly guests,
Hoping, in spite of filth, disease and shame;
Outside the multitude waved branches green,
Calling, "Hosanna to the Nazarene."

I shrank close to the roof-prop, for my eyes
  Were dead to seeing: but I heard the clink of
    coins,
The piles of silver shekels steadily rise,
  Poured from sheiks' bags and belts 'round merchant
    loins;
I heard the purple priced; and in between
Far off,—"Hosanna to the Nazarene."

I could not see Him enter, but I heard
  The multitude and smelled the dusty throng:
Old Anab brushed me with his ragged beard,
  Muttering, "Kneel, thou! He will speak ere long."
Yea—though five times more leprous I had been
I would come here to implore the Nazarene.

But then the woman Terah, ill of pox,
  Began to whimper. "See, he bringeth woe!
He overturns the booths, the treasure-box;
  His eyes blaze on the dove-sellers. Let us go!
He'll scourge us, smite us. Tush! It is well seen
We shall be cursèd of the Nazarene."

A form swept past us, we in terror caught
  A man's clear voice of anger: then the sound
Of fleeing feet of traffickers, onslaught
  On booths, and tables crashing to the ground.
I heard the money scatter and careen
Under the spurning of the Nazarene.

Rachel, a maiden, clutched my sleeve, and shrank
With me behind the curtain, and the crowd
Surged wildly past. For us, our dear hopes sank
Under that stern voice cutting like a goad,
Judging, arraigning, charging; 'mid the spleen
Of money-changers, stood the Nazarene!

"*This temple is my house, the House of Prayer!*"
(His voice was like the wind that whips the leaves)
"*But with your buyings and your sellings there*
Ye—ye have made my house a den of thieves!"
Then little Rachel sobbed; "Awful his mien;
His eyes are flames; I fear the Nazarene."

But when the temple silenced—while a dove
Fluttered and soared and beat against the roof,
We frightened beggars heard a voice of love
Calling us gently; then his tender proof
He gave. He healed us! I, who had been
Blind from my birth—I *saw* the Nazarene!

Told in the Market-place
EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

Blessed is the king that cometh
in the name of the Lord.

The street stands crowded from wall to wall.
Yon Hebrew boy, come here, I pray,
And tell me what has sufficed to call
Such multitude abroad to-day.

"Friend, do you see upon yonder hill
Where the road winds around old Olive's brow?"
"Lad, I see only the sunshine still,
And some ragged trees and the dust below;

"While along the poor path some weary men,
With one in their midst as poor as they;
He is much bespent, for I see again,
That he rides on an ass; and they draw this way."

"Stranger, many a month before,
I stood on the coast of Gennesaret's sea;
In a basket of wicker some loaves I bore
That my mother, at home, had prepared for me.

"Stranger, just at the set of the sun,
He that was teaching called me anear;
'Will you give me your loaves, lad?' 'Every one!'
I answered, and gave them with never a fear.

"Stranger, five thousand men and more
Had heard what the teacher had to say;
And these were hungry; He blessed my store,
And He fed them all, and He sent them away.

"Stranger, He that rides down toward the gate
Is that Teacher— All Hail! Let me go, I say.
I must join them at once. I would not be late.
You must keep me no longer,—I cannot stay."

"Hosanna!" down from the hill they cry,
"Hosanna!" comes back from the town below,
As they pay meet homage and honor high,
And for Christ's dear feet their green palms strow.

Part of a poem called *Palm Sunday*
CARROLL LUND BATES

When he drew nigh, he saw the city,
and wept over it.

The long ascent was ended, evening shed
  Its softest light, and from Mount Olive's brow
  The holy city stood before Him; how
Fair, with temple crowned and garlanded
With massive walls. The sacrifice is led
  Not only in the days of Abraham's vow
  To Mount Moriah, but comes here and now
Upon the ass's colt with garments spread.
"Jerusalem," the tender voice laments,
  "That stonest those that come to thy release,
  The slaughter of the holy innocents,
The blood of martyrs make thy diadem;
  If thou hadst known, e'en thou, Jerusalem,
  The precious things belonging to thy peace!"

The Lament
CAROLINE HAZARD

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
that killeth the prophets!

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, who oft
His love had gathered thee beneath its wings
And thou wouldst not!—Love crucified aloft
On Calvary, enthroned the King of Kings.

At Jerusalem
KATHARINE LEE BATES

Are ye able to drink the cup
that I am about to drink?

At last the bird that sung so long
In twilight circles, hushed his song;
Above the ancient square
The stars came here and there.

Good Friday Night! Some hearts were bowed,
But some amid the waiting crowd
Because of too much youth
Felt not the mystic ruth;

And of these hearts my heart was one:
Nor when beneath the arch of stone
With dirge and candle flame
The cross of passion came,

Did my glad spirit feel reproof,
Though on the awful tree aloof,

Unspiritual, dead,
Drooped the ensanguined Head.

To one who stood where myrtles made
A little space of deeper shade
(As I could half descry,
A stranger, even as I),

I said, "Those youths who bear along
The symbols of their Saviour's wrong,
The spear, the garment torn,
The flaggel, and the thorn,—

"Why do they make this mummery?
Would not a brave man gladly die
For a much smaller thing
Than to be Christ and king?"

He answered nothing, and I turned.
Throned in its hundred candles burned
The jewelled eidolon
Of her who bore the Son.

The crowd was prostrate; still, I felt
No shame until the stranger knelt;
Then not to kneel, almost
Seemed like a vulgar boast.

I knelt. The doll-face, waxen white,
Flowered out a living dimness; bright
Dawned the dear mortal grace
Of my own mother's face.

When we were risen up, the street
Was vacant; all the air hung sweet
With lemon-flowers; and soon
The sky would hold the moon.

More silently than new-found friends
To whom much silence makes amends
For the much babble vain
While yet their lives were twain,

We walked along the odorous hill.
The light was little yet; his will
I could not see to trace
Upon his form or face.

So when aloft the gold moon broke,
I cried, heart-stung. As one who woke
He turned unto my cries
The anguish of his eyes.

"Friend! Master!" I cried falteringly,
"Thou seest the thing they make of Thee.
Oh, by the light divine,
My mother shares with thine,

"I beg that I may lay my head
Upon thy shoulder and be fed
With thoughts of brotherhood!"
So through the odorous wood,

More silently than friends new-found
We walked. At the first meadow bound
His figure ashen-stoled
Sank in the moon's broad gold.

Good Friday Night
WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end.

John, my beloved, come with me apart
In this dim garden for a little space.
I cannot rest me though the others sleep;
There is a time to wake them, but not now.

Is it not good to climb this hill to-night
After the glad hozannas in the street,
The crowding faces, life and men and love,
Here on the slope of the eternal stars
To watch the lights that shine through Kedron's vale,
And 'neath the olives walk alone with God?

'Tis not the first time that we two have walked
Shoulder to shoulder underneath the stars;
Nor yet the last, John, though to-morrow's sun
Should dawn upon you, and on you alone.

Nay, my good brother, loose your fingers' grip.
You could not keep me if I willed to go:

Your heart enfolds me, not your fearful arm—
The lights shine clearer through the dusky vale,
And with their coming, John, we say goodbye.

We say goodbye, for every road must end,
All pleasant journeys underneath the sun;
Claspt hands are severed, hungry lips must part,
The long night comes at close of every day,
And men must slumber when their work is done.

Nay, it is better,—light is not light alone;
Were there no shadows, even suns were blind;
Only by parting do men meet again.
And we have met, John, met in a holy land
Alone with God in his great silences
Where never men have ventured—you and I.
And we have looked upon the gates of heaven,
Beyond the stars, beyond the flaming sun,
Beyond all time, and known that God is love.

Was it not worth it, just to dare to be
One's simple self, to think, to love, to do,
And not to be ashamed? To live one's life
Fearless and pure and strong, true to one's self,
Though the false world were full of lies and hate,
Where blind men lead each other through the dark,
Too weak to sin, ashamed of what is good,
Unable to do evil, thinking it.

But we have dared. David and Jonathan
Drank no divinelier in courts of Saul
Than we together in Gethsemane.

And though to-night I drain the cup of death
Down to the stinging dregs of Judas' kiss,
The wine of love lies sweeter on my lips—
I see the lanterns gleaming. Kiss me, John.

John
WILLARD WATTLES

He went forth with his disciples over the brook Kidron, where was a garden.

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with love and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came.

A Ballad of Trees and the Master
SIDNEY LANIER

My soul is exceeding sorrowful
even unto death;
abide ye here, and watch.

There is a sighing in the pallid sprays
Of these old olives, as if still they kept
Their pitying watch, in Nature's faithful ways,
As on that night when the disciples slept,

At Gethsemane
KATHARINE LEE BATES

What then shall I do unto Jesus
who is called the Christ?

Have thou naught to do with Him, O Pilate,
With that Just One! For to-night a dream
Or an angel spoke: most dread revealing
Did the vision seem!

Throned amid the clouds of heaven I see Him;
See the lightnings flashing from His brow;
And *that Face!*—'tis His, the Galilean's,
Thou art judging now.

Oh, the clouds of splendor! they enfold Him:
How the angels throng; their faces shine;
Oh, His eyes! with calmness, deep, majestic,
Looking into mine:—

But I shrink away,—I cannot bear it,
All that glory. Heaven is bending down,
And the thorn-pierced, mighty brow, refulgent,
Wears a victor's crown.

Earth, all hushed, is waiting to adore Him,
Mighty seas are murmuring at His feet;
Mountain heights, in silence, grand, before Him
Stand, their King to greet.

See, the nations gather; He hath called them,—
His, the mighty fiat they obey;
His, the Man enthroned amid the angels
On that awful day.

Darest thou meet Him, in the hour of judgment?
Pilate,—canst thou answer to His call?
Trembling I behold thee; pallid terror
Holdeth thee in thrall:

Dumb, convicted, thou wouldst sue for mercy,
Yet canst find no plea, can speak no word:
Who is this?—the Judge, whose silence smiteth
Like avenging sword?

Fades the dream, as dawn dispels the midnight;
Last to vanish is that Face sublime;
And His eyes, still searching mine, command me
Speak, while yet there's time.

Oh, refuse not! Pilate, heed the vision,—
All my soul in anguish bids thee hear;
Oh, condemn thou not this Man, the Just One;
For I fear, *I fear!*

The Dream of Claudia Procula
MARTHA ELVIRA PETTUS

The unsearchable riches of Christ.

My Master was so very poor,
A manger was His cradling place;
So very rich my Master was
Kings came from far
To gain His grace.

My Master was so very poor
And with the poor He broke the bread;
So very rich my Master was
That multitudes
By him were fed.

My Master was so very poor
They nailed Him naked to a cross;
So very rich my Master was
He gave His all
And knew no loss.

My Master
HARRY LEE

Pilate delivered Jesus, when he had secured him, to be crucified.

I saw in Siena pictures,
Wandering wearily;
I sought not the names of the masters
Nor the works men care to see;
But once in a low-ceiled passage
I came on a place of gloom,
Lit here and there with halos
Like saints within the room.
The pure, serene, mild colors
The early artists used
Had made my heart grow softer,
And still on peace I mused.
Sudden I saw the Sufferer,
And my frame was clenched with pain;
Perchance no throe so noble
Visits my soul again.
Mine were the stripes of the scourging;
On my thorn-pierced brow blood ran;
In my breast the deep compassion
Breaking the heart for man.
I drooped with heavy eyelids,
Till evil should have its will;
On my lips was silence gathered;
My waiting soul stood still.
I gazed, nor knew I was gazing;
I trembled, and woke to know
Him whom they worship in heaven
Still walking on earth below.

Once have I borne his sorrows
    Beneath the flail of fate!
Once, in the woe of his passion,
    I felt the soul grow great!
I turned from my dead Leader;
    I passed the silent door;
The gray-walled street received me;
    On peace I mused no more.

Christ Scourged
GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

And they crucify him.

Friendless and faint, with martyred steps and slow,
Faint for the flesh, but for the spirit free,
Stung by the mob that came to see the show,
The Master toiled along to Calvary;
We gibed him, as he went, with houndish glee,
Till his dim eyes for us did overflow;
We cursed his vengeless hands thrice wretchedly,—
And this was nineteen hundred years ago.

But after nineteen hundred years the shame
Still clings, and we have not made good the loss
That outraged faith has entered in his name.
Ah, when shall come love's courage to be strong!
Tell me, O Lord—tell me, O Lord, how long
Are we to keep Christ writhing on the cross!

Calvary
EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

I glorified thee on earth, having accomplished
the work which thou hast given me to do.

From Bethlehem to Calvary, the Saviour's journey
lay;
Doubt, unbelief, scorn, fear and hate beset Him day
by day,
But in His heart He bore God's love that brightened
all the way.

O'er the Judean hills He walked, serene and brave of
soul,
Seeking the beaten paths of men, touching and making
whole,
Dying at last for love of man, on Calvary's darkened
knoll.

He went with patient steps and slow, as one who scat-
ters seed;
Like a fierce hunger in His heart, He felt the world's
great need,
And the negations Moses gave He changed to loving
deed.

From Bethlehem to Calvary the world still follows on,
Even as the halt and blind of old along His path were
drawn;
Through Calvary's clouds they seek the light that led
Him to the dawn.

From Bethlehem to Calvary
MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Truly this man was the Son of God.

After the shameful trial in the hall,
The mocking and the scourging, and the pain
Of Peter's words; to Herod, and again
To Pilate's judgment-seat, the royal pall,
The cross itself, the vinegar and gall;
The thieves close by, discipleship proved vain,
The scoffing crowd, His mother's tears like rain,
There came one moment, bitterest of all.
Yet in that cry, when flesh and spirit failed,
Last effort of the awful way He trod,
Which shook the earth, nor left the temple veiled,
In that exceeding great and bitter cry
Was conquest. The centurion standing by
Said, Truly this man was the Son of God.

The Ninth Hour
CAROLINE HAZARD

And when Peter thought thereon, he wept.

Peter and James and John,
The sad tale runneth on—
All slept and Thee forgot;
One said he knew Thee not.

Peter and James and John,
The sad tale runneth on—
I am that one, the three;
Thus have I done to Thee.

Under a garden wall,
I lay at evenfall;
I waked. Thou calledst me;
I had not watched with Thee.

Peter and James and John,
The sad tale runneth on—
By the priest's fagot hot,
I said I knew Thee not.

The little maid spake out:
"With Him thou wentest about."
"This Man I never met—"
I hear the cock crow yet.

Good Friday
LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

And with him they crucify two robbers,
one on his right hand, and one on his left.

Three crosses rose on Calvary against the iron sky,
Each with its living burden, each with its human cry.
And all the ages watched there, and there were you
and I.

One bore the God incarnate, reviled by man's disdain,
Who through the woe he suffered for our eternal gain,
With joy of infinite loving assuaged his infinite pain.

On one the thief repentant conquered his cruel doom,
Who called at last on Christ and saw his glory through
the gloom.
For him after the torment souls of the blest made room.

And one the unrepentant bore, who his harsh fate defied.
To him, the child of darkness, all mercy was denied;
Nailed by his brothers on the cross, he cursed his God
and died.

Ah, Christ, who met in Paradise him who had eyes
to see,
Didst thou not greet the other in hell's black agony?
And if he knew thy face, Lord, what did he say to
thee?

The Thief on the Cross
HARRIET MONROE

And the glory which thou hast given me
I have given unto them; that they may be one,
even as we are one.

Thanks to Saint Matthew, who had been
At mass-meetings in Palestine,
We know whose side was spoken for
When Comrade Jesus had the floor.

"Where sore they toil and hard they lie,
Among the great unwashed dwell I;—
The tramp, the convict, I am he;
Cold-shoulder him, cold-shoulder me."

By Dives' door, with thoughtful eye,
He did to-morrow prophesy;—
"The kingdom's gate is low and small;
The rich can scarce wedge through at all."

"A dangerous man," said Caiaphas;
"An ignorant demagogue, alas!
Friend of low women, it is he
Slanders the upright Pharisee."

For law and order, it was plain,
For Holy Church, he must be slain.
The troops were there to awe the crowd,
And violence was not allowed.

Their clumsy force with force to foil
His strong, clean hands he would not soil.
He saw their childishness quite plain
Between the lightnings of his pain.

Between the twilights of his end,
He made his fellow-felon friend;
With swollen tongue and blinding eyes,
Invited him to Paradise.

Ah, let no local him refuse!
Comrade Jesus hath paid his dues.
Whatever other be debarred,
Comrade Jesus hath his red card.

Comrade Jesus
SARA N. CLEGHORN

Verily I say unto you,
that one of you shall betray me.

Mary, the Christ long slain, passed silently,
Following the children joyously astir
Under the cedrus and the olive-tree,
Pausing to let their laughter float to her.
Each voice an echo of a voice more dear,
She saw a little Christ in every face;
When lo, another woman, gliding near,
Yearned o'er the tender life that filled the place.
And Mary sought the woman's hand and spoke:
"I know thee not, yet know thy memory tossed
With all a thousand dreams their eyes evoke
Who bring to thee a child beloved and lost.

"I, too, have rocked my little one.
O He was fair!
Yea, fairer than the fairest sun,
And like its rays through amber spun
His sun-bright hair.
Still I can see it shine and shine."
"Even so," the woman said, "was mine."

"His ways were ever darling ways,"—
And Mary smiled,—
"So soft, so clinging! Glad relays
Of love were all His precious days.
My little child!
My infinite star! my music fled!"
"Even so was mine," the woman said.

Then whispered Mary: "Tell me, thou,
Of thine." And she:
"O mine was rosy as a bough
Blooming with roses, sent, somehow,
To bloom for me!
His balmy fingers left a thrill
Within my breast that warms me still."

Then gazed she down some wilder, darker hour,
And said, when Mary questioned, knowing not:
"Who art thou, mother of so sweet a flower?"
"I am the mother of Iscariot."

Motherhood
AGNES LEE

And the women, who had come with him
out of Galilee, followed after,
and beheld the tomb.

There was a trampling of horses from Calvary
Where the armed Romans rode from the mountain side;
Yet riding they dreamed of the soul that could ride free
Out of the bruised breast and the arms nailed wide.

There was a trampling of horses from Calvary,
And the long spears glittered in the night;
Yet riding they dreamed of the will that dared to be,
When the head fell and the heavens were rent with light.

The eyes that closed over sleep like folded wings
  And the sad mouth that kissed death with the cry
"Father, forgive them,"—silently these things,
  They remembered, riding down from Calvary.

And Joseph, when the sick body was lowered slowly,
  Folded it in a white cloth without seam,
The indomitable brow, inflexible and holy,
  And the sad breast that held the immortal dream,

And the feet that could not walk, and the pierced hand,
  And the arms that held the whole world in their embrace;
But Mary, beside the cross-tree, could not understand,
  Looking upon the tired, human face.

The Mother
JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

Henceforth all generations
shall call me blessed.

Mary smiled on her little Son,
  "Now, why hast Thou left Thy play?"
"But to touch thy hands with my hands, Mother,
  Lest sometime there comes a day
When I may not close them within my own,
  Though they fall as hurt doves may."

Mary smiled on her little Son,
"Now blind wouldst Thou have me go
That mine eyes Thou hast closed with kisses twain?"
"My Mother, I may not know,
But I fear a day when they look on pain
And I may not close them so."

Mary smiled on her little Son,
Close, close in her arms pressed He;
"O Mother, my Mother, my heart on thine
Lest sometime a day may be
When I may not comfort or make it whole,
Though it break for love of me."

Now think you that on Calvary hill
Whereon her Son was slain
She felt upon her eyes that touch
That veiled them unto pain,
And filled her groping hands, and bade
Her torn heart beat again?

The Ballad of the Comforting
THEODOSIA GARRISON

And I, if I be lifted from the earth,
will draw all men unto myself.

The eve of Golgotha had come,
And Christ lay shrouded in the garden Tomb;
Among the olives, oh, how dumb,
How sad the sun incarnadined the gloom!

The hill grew dim—the pleading cross
Reached empty arms toward the closing gate.
Jerusalem, oh, count thy loss!
Oh, hear ye! hear ye! ere it be too late!

Reached bleeding arms—but how in vain!
The murmurous multitude within the wall
Already had forgot His pain—
To-morrow would forget the cross—and all!

They knew not Rome, before its sign,
Bending her brow bound with the nation's threne,
Would sweep all lands from Nile to Rhine
In servitude unto the Nazarene.

Nor knew that millions would forsake
Ancestral shrines great with the glow of time,
And lifting up its token shake
Æons with thrill of love or battle's crime.

With empty arms aloft it stood:
Ah, Scribe and Pharisee, ye builded well!
The cross emblotted with His blood
Mounts, highest Hope of men, against earth's hell!

The Empty Cross
CALE YOUNG RICE

Ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow
shall be turned into joy.

There is a legend somewhere told
Of how the skylark came of old
  To the dying Saviour's cross,
And circling round that form of pain
Poured forth a wild, lamenting strain,
  As if for human loss.

Pierced by those accents of despair,
Upon the tiny mourner there
  Turning his fading eyes,
The Saviour said, "Dost thou so mourn
And is thy fragile breast so torn,
  That man, thy brother, dies?

"O'er all the world uplifted high,
We are alone here, thou and I;
  And near to heaven and thee
I bless thy pity-guided wings!
I bless thy voice—the last that sings
  Love's requiem for me.

"Sorrow no more shall fill thy song;
These frail and fluttering wings grown strong,
  Thou shalt no longer fly
Earth's captive—nay, but boldly dare
The azure vault, and upward bear
  Thy transports to the sky!"

Soon passed the Saviour; but the lark,
Close hovering near Him in the dark,
  Could not his grief abate;
And nigh the watchers at the tomb,
Still mourned through days of grief and gloom,
  With note disconsolate.

But when to those sad mourners came,
In rose and amethyst and flame,
  The Dawn Miraculous,
Song in which sorrow had no part
Burst from the lark's triumphant heart—
  Sweet and tumultuous!

An instant, as with rapture blind,
He faltered; then, his Lord to find,
  Straight to the ether flew,—
Rising where falls no human tear,
Singing where still his song we hear
  Piercing the upper blue!

The Lark
FLORENCE EARLE COATES

I am the Way.

Three roads led out of Calvary.
  The first was broad and straight,
That Pilate and great Caiaphas
  Might ride thereon in state.

The second was the felons' road,
  Cruel and hard to tread
For those who bore the cross's load,
  For those whose footsteps bled.

The third road slunk through mean defiles,
  Fearing the open sky;
And Judas crept the dreadful miles
  To Calvary thereby.

The highroad up to Calvary
  Was blotted from the land;
Where Judas hid, the jackal cries
  By thorn-cursed drifts of sand.

But that poor road the felons went—
  How fair it now appears,
Smoothed wide by myriads penitent
  And flower-set by their tears!

The Blessed Road
CHARLES BUXTON GOING

There was the true light, even the light which lighteth every man.

Out of the dark we come, nor know
Into what outer dark we go.
Wings sweep across the stars at night,
Sweep and are lost in flight,
And down the star-strewn windy lanes the sky
I empty as before the wings went by.

We dare not lift our eyes, lest we should see
The utter quiet of eternity;
So, in the end, we come to this:
Christ-Mary's kiss.

We cannot brook the wide sun's might,
We are alone and chilled by night;
We stand, atremble and afraid,
Upon the small worlds we have made;
Fearful, lest all our poor control
Should turn and tear us to the soul;
A dread, lest we should be denied
The price we hold our ragged pride;
So in the end we cast them by
For a gaunt cross against the sky.

To those who question is the fine reward
Of the brave heart who fights with broken sword
In the dark night against an unseen enemy;
There is not any hope of victory.
While sweat is sweet and earthly ways and toil,
The touch of shoulders, scent of new-turned soil,
Striving itself amid the thrusting throng,
And love that comes with white hands strong;
But on itself the long path turns again,
To find at length the hill of pain.

Such only do we know and see;
Starlight and evening mystery,
Sunlight on peaks and dust-red plain,
Thunder and the quick breath of rain,

Stirring of fields and all the lovely things
That season after season brings;
Young dawn and quiet night
And the earth's might.
But all our wisdom and our wisdom's plan
End in the lonely figure of a Man.

Via Crucis
MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT

V

CHRIST TRIUMPHANT

And they shall kill him,
and the third day he shall be raised up.

It was a night of calls and far replies,
A night of trembling for that Serpent head
In gulfs that were before the eldest dead—
A night of whispering haste along the skies,
Prayer, and a wondering down of seraph eyes;
While stilled Jerusalem, washed in the moon's light,
Lay like a brood of sepulchers, ghost-white.

The dark was dying silverly, that strange,
Still hour when Earth is falling toward the day—
That hour of spacious silence and delay
When all things poise upon the hinge of change.
The guardsmen had grown silent on their round,
Their fire was sinking, when a crash of sound—
Darkness—a reel of Earth—a rush of light—
Cleft rocks—then scent of aloes on the night!

Their faces turned to faces of the dead,
Their spears fell clamoring terribly as they fled.
And He stood risen in the guarded place,
With empire in his gesture—on his face

The hush of muted music and the might
That drew the stars down on the ancient night.

Tall in the first-light, mystical and pale,
He stood as one who dares and cannot fail,
As some high conscript of the Bright Abodes,
As one still called to travel on wild roads
In Love's divine adventure—his white face
Hushed with heroic purpose for the race;
Yet wistful of the men who should deny Him,
And wistful of the years that should belie Him.

With peace of heart the blind world could not break,
He took a path the young leaves keep awake.
Glad of the day come back and loving all,
He passed across the morning, felt the cool,
Sweet, kindling air blown upward from the pool.
A burning bush was reddening by the wall;
An oleander bough was full of stirs,
Struck by the robes of unseen messengers.

The hills broke purpling, as the sun's bright edge
Pushed slowly up behind a rocky ledge:
The hovering dome of the Temple, gray and cold,
Burned out with sudden, unexpected gold.
A light wind silvered up the olive slope,
And all the world was wonder and wild hope!

The Garden of the Sepulcher
EDWIN MARKHAM

Said I not unto thee, that, if thou believedst,
thou shouldst see the glory of God?

Christ said to Martha by her brother's grave,
I am the resurrection and the life—
And with what troubled thoughts her mind was rife!
The life, He said, and yet He freely gave
His life, and saving others would not save
Himself. The resurrection? Chuza's wife
Had seen Him in the tomb—at end was strife,
And o'er her anguish swept, a mighty wave.
And yet her firm assurance kept her faith,
And her reply, the fervent I believe,—
Had not His voice raised Lazarus from death,
Had not the grave released its four days' prey?
A foretaste of the resurrection day
She had to bid her wait, and not to grieve.

Martha
CAROLINE HAZARD

Father, forgive them;
for they know not what they do.

I was a Roman soldier in my prime;
Now age is on me and the yoke of time.
I saw your Risen Christ, for I am he
Who reached the hyssop to Him on the tree;
And I am one of two who watched beside
The Sepulcher of Him we crucified.

All that last night I watched with sleepless eyes;
Great stars arose and crept across the skies.
The world was all too still for mortal rest,
For pitiless thoughts were busy in the breast.
The night was long, so long, it seemed at last
I had grown old and a long life had passed.
Far off, the hills of Moab, touched with light,
Were swimming in the hollow of the night.
I saw Jerusalem all wrapped in cloud,
Stretched like a dead thing folded in a shroud.

Once in the pauses of our whispered talk
I heard a something on the garden walk.
Perhaps it was a crisp leaf lightly stirred—
Perhaps the dream-note of a waking bird.
Then suddenly an angel burning white
Came down with earthquake in the breaking light,
And rolled the great stone from the Sepulcher,
Mixing the morning with a scent of myrrh.
And lo, the Dead had risen with the day:
The Man of Mystery had gone his way!

Years have I wandered, carrying my shame;
Now let the tooth of time eat out my name.
For we, who all the wonder might have told,
Kept silence, for our mouths were stopt with gold.

A Guard of the Sepulcher
EDWIN MARKHAM

Jesus saith unto her, Mary!

At dawn she sought the Saviour slain,
To kiss the spot where He had lain
And weep warm tears, like spring-time rain;

When lo, there stood, unstained of death,
A man that spoke with low sweet breath;
And "Master!" Mary answereth.

From out the far and fragrant years
How sweeter than the songs of seers
That tender offering of tears!

Mary Magdalen
RICHARD BURTON

She turneth and saith unto him, Rabboni, which is to say, Teacher.

Rabboni, in the garden sweet
Kneel I enraptured at Thy feet.
Thyself transfigured walkest here.
Might such a change in me appear!
Shall death alone illumine me?
Nay, Soul, that were a travesty.
Only living man can praise;
Then touch me with Thy living rays.

Rabboni
BARBARA PEATTIE ERSKINE

Mary Magdalene cometh and telleth the disciples,
I have seen the Lord.

She brake the box, and all the house was filled
With waftures from the fragrant store thereof,
While at His feet a costlier rose distilled
The bruisèd balm of penitential love.

And lo, as if in recompense of her,
Bewildered in the lingering shades of night,
He breaks anon the sealèd sepulcher,
And fills the world with rapture and with light.

The Recompense
J. B. TABB

And your heart shall rejoice,
and your joy no one taketh away from you.

What though the Flowers in Joseph's Garden grew
Of rarest perfume and of fairest hue,
That morn when Magdalene hastened through
Its fragrant, silent paths?

She caught no scent of budding almond tree;
Her eyes, tear-blinded still from Calvary,
Saw neither lily nor anemone—
Naught save the Sepulcher.

But when the Master whispered "Mary," lo!
The Tomb was hid; the Garden all ablow;
And burst in bloom the Rose of Jericho—
From that day "Mary's Flower."

The Sepulcher in the Garden
JOHN FINLEY

Was not our heart burning within us,
while he spake to us in the way?

Triumphant morn whose first ray had such might
That Life and Love, which passed beyond the ken
And ministering care of mortal men,
Upon this holy day could reunite!
O Blessed sun, which saw the wondrous sight,
The glad rebirth of primal time, as when
The radiant sons of morn in thousands ten
Rejoiced at that great word, Let there be light.
The first word when the tomb was newly rent
Was to a grieving woman gently said;
With two sad men He walked, the day far spent,
And how their heavy hearts within them burned
As comforted into the inn they turned,
And He was known to them in breaking bread!

Easter
CAROLINE HAZARD

I ascend unto my Father and your Father,
and my God and your God.

In the gray dawn they left Jerusalem,
And I rose up to follow after them.
He led toward Bethany by the narrow bridge
Of Kedron, upward to the olive ridge.
Once on the camel path beyond the City,
He looked back, struck at heart with pain and pity—
Looked backward from the two lone cedar trees
On Olivet, alive to every breeze—
Looked in a rush of sudden tears, and then
Went steadily on, never to turn again.

Near the green quiets of a little wood
The Master halted silently and stood.
The figs were purpling, and a fledgling dove
Had fallen from a windy bough above,
And lay there crying feebly by a thorn,
Its little body bruisèd and forlorn.
He stept aside a moment from the rest
And put it safely back into the nest.

Then mighty words did seem to rise in Him
And die away; even as white vapors swim
A moment on Mount Carmel's purple steep,
And then are blown back rainless to the deep.
And once He looked up with a little start:
Perhaps some loved name passed across his heart,
Some memory of a road in Galilee,
Or old familiar rock beside the Sea.

And suddenly there broke upon our sight
A rush of angels terrible with light—
The high same host the Shepherds saw go by,
Breaking the starry night with lyric cry—
A rush of angels, wistful and aware,
That shook a thousand colors on the air—
Colors that made a music to the eye—
Glories of lilac, azure, gold, vermilion,
Blown from the air-hung delicate pavilion.

And now his face grew bright with luminous will:
The great grave eyes grew planet-like and still.
Yea, in that moment, all his face, fire-white,
Seemed struck out of imperishable light.
Delicious apprehension shook his spirit,
With song so still that only the heart could hear it.
A sense of something sacred, starry, vast,
Greater than earth, across his spirit passed.

Then with a stretching of his hands to bless,
A last unspeakable look that was caress,
Up through the vortice of bright cherubim
He rose until the august form grew dim—
Up through the blue dome of the day ascended,
By circling flights of seraphim befriended.
He was uplifted from us, and was gone
Into the darkness of another dawn.

The Ascension
EDWIN MARKHAM

VI

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

And we have believed and know
that thou art the Holy One of God.

If Jesus Christ is a man—
  And only a man,—I say
That of all mankind I cleave to him
  And to him will I cleave alway.

If Jesus Christ is a god,—
  And the only God,—I swear
I will follow Him through heaven and hell,
  The earth, the sea, and the air!

The Song of a Heathen (Sojourning in Galilee, A.D. 32)
RICHARD WATSON GILDER

For we did not follow cunningly devised fables,
but we were eye-witnesses of his majesty.

Oh He who walked with fishermen
  Was man of men in Galilee;
He told us endless wonder-tales,
  His laugh was hale and free.

The water changed He into wine
To please a poor man's company;
I saw Him walk one wretched night
Upon a troubled sea.

And when the rabble cried for blood,
I saw him nailed upon a tree;
He showed how a brave man could die;
The Prince of men was He.

And rough men, we, who never wept,
Wept when they nailed Him to the tree;
Oh, He was more than man, who walked
With us in Galilee.

A Fisherman Speaks, Anno Domini, thirty-three

SCHARMEL IRIS

To him be the glory
both now and forevermore, Amen.

Ha' we lost the goodliest fere o' all
For the priests and the gallows tree?
Aye lover he was of brawny men,
O' ships and the open sea.

When they came wi' a host to take Our Man
His smile was good to see.
"First let these go!" quo' our Goodly Fere,
"Or I'll see ye damned," says he.

Aye he sent us out through the crossed high spears
And the scorn of his laugh rang free,
"Why took ye not me when I walked about
Alone in the town?" says he.

Oh we drank his "Hale" in the good red wine
When we last made company,
No capon priest was the Goodly Fere,
But a man o' men was he.

I ha' seen him drive a hundred men
Wi' a bundle o' cords swung free,
That they took the high and holy house
For their pawn and treasury.

They'll no' get him a' in a book, I think,
Though they write it cunningly;
No mouse of the scrolls was the Goodly Fere,
But aye loved the open sea.

If they think they ha' snared our Goodly Fere
They are fools to the last degree.
"I'll go to the feast," quo' our Goodly Fere,
"Though I go to the gallows tree.

"Ye ha' seen me heal the lame and blind,
And wake the dead," says he,
"Ye shall see one thing to master all:
'Tis how a brave man dies on the tree."

A son of God was the Goodly Fere
That bade us his brothers be.
I ha' seen him cow a thousand men.
I have seen him upon the tree.

He cried no cry when they drave the nails
And the blood gushed hot and free,
The hounds of the crimson sky gave tongue
But never a cry cried he.

I ha' seen him cow a thousand men
On the hills o' Galilee,
They whined as he walked out calm between,
Wi' his eyes like the gray o' the sea.

Like the sea that brooks no voyaging
With the winds unleashed and free,
Like the sea that he cowed at Genseret
Wi' twey words spoke' suddently.

A master o' men was the Goodly Fere,
A mate of the wind and sea;
If they think they ha' slain our Goodly Fere
They are fools eternally.

I ha' seen him eat o' the honey-comb
Sin' they nailed him to the tree.

Ballad of the Goodly Fere
Simon Zelotes Speaketh This Somewhat after the Crucifixion
EZRA POUND

How long have you been waiting? Not so long?
I'm glad of that. You found the place at once.
Well, there's the Campus Martius, when you're there
You see above this Collis Hortulorum,
A good place for two men like us to meet:
Here's where luxurious souls have their abodes.
That's Sallust's garden there. They do not care
So much about us as some others do.
There is a tolerance comes from being rich,
An urbane soul is fashioned by a villa.
Our faith is not to these a wicked thing,
A deadly superstition as some deem it.
But, Mark, my son, there's Rome below you there—
What temples, arches, under the full moon!
Here let us sit beside this chestnut tree,
And while the soft wind blows out of the sea
Let's finish up our talks. You must know all
Wherewith to write the story ere I die
Beneath the wrath of Nero. See that light,
Faint like a little candle—I passed there.
That's one of our poor men, they make us lamps
Wherewith to light the streets and Nero's gardens.
We shall be lamps they'll wish to snuff in time.
We met to-night at one Silvanus' house.
And I was telling them about the night
When in Gethsemane you followed Him,
Having a cloth about your naked body.
And how you laid hold on him, left the cloth
And fled. But when you write this, you can say

"A certain young man," leaving out your name,
You may not wish to have it known 'twas you
Who ran away, as I would like to hide
How I fell into sleep and failed to watch,
And afterwards declared I knew Him not:
But as for me, omit no thing. The world
Will gain by seeing me rise out of weakness
To strength, and out of fear to boldness. Time
Has wrought his wonders in me, I am rock,
Let hell beat on me, I shall stand from now.

Then don't forget the first man that He healed.
There's deep significance in this, my son,
That first of all He'd take an unclean spirit
And cast it out. Then second was my mother
Cured of her fever, just as you might say:
Be rid of madness, things that tear and plague,
Then cool you of the fever of vain life.
But don't forget to write how he would say
"Tell no man of this," say that and no more.
Though I may think he said it lest the crowds
That followed him would take his strength for
healing,
And leave no strength for words, let be and write
"Tell no man of this" simply. For you see
These madmen quieted, these lepers cleaned
Had soon to die, all now are dead, perhaps.
And with them ends their good. But what he said
Remains for generations yet to come, with power
To heal and heal. My son, preserve your notes,
Of what I've told you, even above your life.

Make many copies lest one script be lost.
I shall not to another tell it all
As I have told it you.

But as for me
What merit have I that I saw and said
"Thou art the Christ"? One sees the thing he sees.
That is a matter of the eye—behold
What is the eye?

. . . . . .

Let's think of eyes this way:
The lawyers said there's nothing in this fellow.
His family beheld no wonder in him.
Have Mary Magdalen and I invented
These words, this story?—who are we to do so,—
A fallen woman and a fisherman!
Or did this happen? Did we see these things?
Did Mary see him risen and did I?

. . . . . .

No, Mark, my son, this is the truth, so write,
Preserve this story taken from my lips.
My work is almost done. Rome is the end
Of all my labors, I have faith The Eye
Will give me other eyes for other worlds!

Why should I not believe this? Not all seasons
Are for unfolding. In the winter time
You cannot see the miracle of birth,
Of germinating seeds, of blossoming.
Why not then that one time for seeing Death

Go up like mist before the rising sun?
And in this single instance of our Lord
Arising from the grave, see all men rise,
And all men's souls discovered in his soul,
That quality and essence, strength made clear?
And why not I the seer of these things?
Why should there be another and not I?
And I declare to you that untold millions
In centuries untold will live and die
By these words which you write, as I have told them.
And nation after nation will be moulded,
As heated wax is moulded, by these words.
And spirits in their inmost power will feel
Change and regeneration through them—well, what then?
Do you say God is living, that this world,
These constellations move by law, that all
This miracle of life and light is held
In harmony, and that the soul of man
Moves not in order, but that it's allowed
To prove an anarch to itself, sole thing
That turns upon itself, sole thing that's shown
The path that leads no whither? is allowed
To feed on falsehood? that it's allowed
To wander lawless to its ruin, fooled
By what it craves, by what it feels, by eyes
That swear the truth of what they see? by words
Which you will write from words I have affirmed?
And do you say that Life shall prove the foe
Of life, and Law of law? Or do you say

The child's eyes see reality which see
The poppy blossoms or the mother's breast,
And this Rome and these stars do not exist
Because the child's eyes cannot compass them,
And get their image? Shall we trust our vision
Mounting to higher things, or only trust
Those things which all have seen except the souls
Who have not soared, or risen to the gift
Of seeing what seemed walking trees grow clear
As men or angels? No, it cannot be.
Man's soul, the chiefest flower of all we know,
Is not the toy of Malice or of Sport.
It is not set apart to be betrayed,
Or gulled to its undoing, left to dash
Its hopeless head against this rock's exception,
No water for its thirst, no Life to feed it,
No law to guide it, though this universe
Is under Law, no God to mark its steps,
Except the God of worlds and suns and stars,
Who loves it not, loves worlds and suns and stars,
And them alone, and leaves the soul to pass
Unfathered—lets me have a madman's dream
And gives it such reality that I
Take fire and light the world, convincing eyes
Left foolish to believe. It cannot be . . .

Go write what I have told you, come what will
I'm going to the catacombs to pray.

The Gospel of Mark
EDGAR LEE MASTERS

And not a few of them that practised
magical arts, brought their books together,
and burned them in the sight of all.

Hyacinthus, your money, the idol you ordered is finished.
May the grace of Diana be with you in strength undiminished.

Behold how the breast of it glitters, as if it were wrought in with stipples.
The Ephesian goddess is Nature and these are her bountiful nipples.

So then do I fear for my trade? No, never! It's past my conceiving.
There'll be work for the artist while gods change to win our believing

Come on then, you babblers and madmen from Jewry and tell us and show us—
Yes, come with your tumult the like of which never was known in Corinth or Troas.

They crowd in the markets and temples and gabble a story that palters.
Well, I whistle and hammer the silver, a maker of statues and altars.

Who says I am wroth lest in Samothrace, Lystra and Delos
The craft of the maker of images fail through the speech of these fellows?

And the temple of Artemis perish? Oh, well, however they hate us
Can they burn it as once it was burned by the wretch Herostratus?

But we built it again and carved it all newly in beauty and wonder—
Destroy it, oh man, who was crazed by lightning and roaring of thunder!

Oh virgin Diana, if virgin, what virgin whose altar is older!
If matron what breasts hang with milk for the eyes of her temples' beholder!

For centuries gone—when these Jews prayed to serpents of bronze and to calves that were golden,
In Ephesus, Arcady, Athens, our reverent love was beholden

To the goddess of prophecy, music, the lyre, of light, inspiration,
Who guarded and watches the city and lays the foundation

Of nations and laws. What works we have done, yea still we would heed her—
And look at your barbarous ark in your temple of jewels and cedar!

What is our pollution, our idols, our sacrificed things
which are strangled?
I ask you already divided in turbulent parties who
wrangled

Concerning salvation of God to the faith of the un-
circumcision
In Cyprus and Paphos, where poets of love keep the
Hellenic vision.

I am filled with my loathing! Oh keep me a Greek
though you make me a whoreson,
When the worship of beauty is dead you may pare
off my foreskin.

When the symbol is dead which I mould to Diana
our goddess
I'll retire to the country of Nod, no matter where Nod is.

It will live when your temples are built, if any are
builded,
And Jesus in silver is nailed on a cross which is gilded.

And touching this thing is it different to worship a
man or abstraction?
Or an idol of silver or stone?—go talk to your spirit's
distraction!

Areopagus listened to Paul, I am told, for Athens is
spending
Her time, as of old, in weighing new things and at-
tending.

They heard him in silence! Let his arguments pass uncorrected—
Why, Plato had told us of Er from the dead resurrected!

Now, mark me! For showing the wisdom, compassion of poets and sages
That silence like lightning will aureole Paul to the end of the ages.

Oh Athens, who set up that shrine, do you think it was just superstition
Which carved for all passers to see that profoundest inscription:

To the unknown God? Do you think it was cowardice even?
Make altars and gods as you will, unknown is the planeted heaven.

And we who are richest in gods—have exhausted all thought in creating
Both symbols and shapes for interpreted loving and hating,

Still sense the Unknown, though in blindness, in love as in duty
Would worship it most—the Unknown is the ultimate beauty.

Yes, Athens who set up the altar and chiseled the worshipful letters
To the Unknown God—what ignorance fastened with fetters

Did you loosen, oh wonder of Tarsus, how help their unknowing
Who told them he dwelt not in temples, nor heeded the flowing

Of prayers from men's hearts—the Giver of life and of all things, and seeing
He is lord of the heavens, in whom we are living and having our being.

So quoting our poet who centuries since with the monarch Gonatus
Lived and wrote Phaenomena, known to the Greeks as Aratus.

And yet, Hyacinthus, I pity this Paul for profoundest compassion
Of Jesus before him. This sky and this earth I can fashion

Through mystical wonder or fear to the Sphinx or the Minotaur dreaded.
There's Persephone dying and rising, and Cerberus the dog many-headed.

We have thought it all through! Yet I say if a virtue Elysian
Besides in the doctrine I'll leave off the goddess Ephesian;

Sell my tools, shut my shop, worship God in a way that is safer,
Make the Unknown the known! Have they shown you a magical wafer?

The Apology of Demetrius
EDGAR LEE MASTERS

He that loveth his life shall lose it;
but he that hateth his life in this world
shall keep it unto life eternal.

The lengthening shadows of the cedar trees
Have blended into twilight, and the sun
Has plunged in glorious gold precipitance
Beyond the dim crest of the western hills,
Bearing with it the day's disquietudes;
And now the stars, that lamp the feet of God,
Are lighted, and night's purple silences
Steal gently round me fraught with memories.

'Twas such an hour as this—long, long ago
Yet seeming yesterday—he came to me,
My little son, in joyous travail born
Out there across the hills in Bethlehem,

Where we who journeyed southward to be taxed—
Strangers in our own father's land—had found
No shelter in the crowded khan, and shared,
Perforce, a grotto with the stabled kine.

Ah, how it all comes back again to me!
The court-yard, in the flickering torchlight, filled
With huddled trav'lers sleeping 'neath the sky,
The kneeling camels of a caravan,
The patient asses dozing by the wall,
A smell of roasting meat at little fires,
The shouts of melon-sellers, the low drone
Of reverend elders bending at their prayers,
Barking of street-dogs, porters' blasphemies,
The laughter of a girl, the mellow flute
Of some rapt lover, and the tinkling tune
Of sheep-bells forward moving through the dark.
And then the hour supreme, wherein my soul
Clomb the dark pinnacles of pain, and death
Grappled with life through whirling æoned years,
But fled at length and left the Miracle.

They laid him there beside me on the hay,
A wee pink being in his world's first sleep;
My arm was round about him and his breath
Was warm with life on my exultant breast,
And they whose wingèd watch is set to keep
Ward in the valley lands of Heaven looked down
Not up that night to find their Paradise.
All weak with labor and soul's happiness
I lay beneath the sapphire tent of skies,

And in my heart I made a little prayer
Of thanks that flew up to the throne of God
On swift dove pinions of unuttered song;
And as I prayed, lo, upon loops of stars
Night's velvet curtainings were lifted up,
A wondrous light turned all the world to rose,
And down the skies swept singing seraphim
In mighty echoes of my little prayer.

Oh, can it be that threescore years have marched
In troubled caravan across the waste
Of desert life since then, and can it be
That I, who sit here in mine eventide,
White with the snows of sorrow and of time,
Was once a bright tressed girl who heard the choirs
Of Heaven rejoice that she had borne a son?
Why, I can feel that little heart beat still
Close to my own, the touch of little hands
Warm and caressing on this withered breast;
Still I can hear the first low wail that marked
His woe's beginning and the tortured path
That he should tread in mighty gentleness,
With pain and anguish, 'til His love supreme
And terrible meekness, overcoming death,
Should lead Him conqueror to sit with God,
Pleading for sinful men in Paradise.

To-day I stole into the synagogue
And heard a rabbi read the sacred scroll:
How that my lord, Isaiah, said of old,
Thy Maker is thy husband, he hath called thee

As a forsaken woman, spirit grieved;
God, for a little moment hides His face
From thee, but with His loving kindness soon
And tender mercies, shall He gather thee.
Then was I comforted, and peace displaced
The turmoil in my heart, and minded me
Of that great promise Gabriel bore from God
And the immeasurable fruitage of His word,
The life and death and glory of my son.

So in the shades of life and night I sit,
Under the sheltering arbor of the dark
That curves above, vined o'er with trellised stars,
Waiting my spirit bridegroom, and the sound
Of that loved voice—long silent save in dreams—
Calling across the vibrant firmament,
O Mary, Mother Mary, come to Me.

Mused Mary in Old Age
GEORGE M. P. BAIRD

The hour cometh, that whosoever killeth you
shall think that he offered service unto God.

The monarch looked out from his throne
Where the Bosphorus blends with the Horn,
And he saw how at evening and morn
The people would prayerfully bow
To figures of bronze and of stone;
And he cried, as he smote on his brow,

"They worship the image alone;
Forgot is the Godhead behind.
Their prayers are but words on the wind
That hither and thither are blown."

Then an edict went forth from the south
To the north of the empire afar,
And a herald with clamorous mouth
Proclaimed it in hamlet and town,
Till the folk as by rumors of war
Were stirred, or by famine and drouth,
For from niche and from altar and shrine
The Christ and the Virgin divine
Must be cast desecratingly down.

So rage slumbered hot in the heart
In Constantine's city, the old;
And murmurs waxed loud in the mart
And the tongues of the people grew bold.
But the monarch was firm; and the more,
When he heard of the stir in the state,
Was his spirit alert and elate,
And naught in his rashness sufficed
But to cry to the guard at the door,
"Thou knowest the image of Christ
Surmounting the palace's gate,
Go thou, take thy weapon and smite,
In the emperor's name and the right!"

The guardsman was pallid with fear,
For he knew how the Christ was adored,

But he only could bow and obey,
Passing forth on his perilous way
With his hand gripping tight on his sword.
By the gate was a woman in prayer,
Who, when she beheld his intent,
Cried loud to the heralding air,
Till there gathered around her a score.
There were crones in decrepitude bent,
And mothers, and maids who were fair,
To beg and beseech and implore.
But he gave little heed to their cries
For he dreaded the emperor's ire;
He saw not the light in their eyes,
The baleful and dangerous fire.
The ladder was scaled, and his hand
Uplifted the merciless brand;
A glimmer of steel and a blow,
And the image fell clanging below
In the midst of the sorrowful band.

In a moment their grief was forgot,
And a frenzy possessed them instead.
Afar from the doom-fated spot
Would the terrified guardsman have fled;
But they seized him in madness, and tore
His limbs in their maniac might,
And dabbled their hands in his gore,
And shouted in eager delight
That Christ was avenged evermore.

A tale of the shadowy past
Obscured by the mists of the years,

Where, down all the distance, one hears
Fanatical echoes of strife.
Oh, why, from the first to the last,
Should His name, that the spirit reveres,
Be blent with the clashing of spears
Where frenzy and slaughter are rife!

Love, love was the creed that He taught,
And peace, perfect peace, everywhere;
The past that is dead is as naught,
The present and future are fair.
Could we but see over the tomb
The flowers of Christ's tenderness bloom,
Grand, grand were the ages to come,
For the voices of strife would be dumb!

The Bronze Christ
CLINTON SCOLLARD

Unto them that are called, both Jews and Greeks,
Christ, the power of God, and the wisdom of God.

So long, so long ago I had been slain
By blindness malice-led, I scarce could tell
What soul it was that trod in weary pain
The vestibule of hell.

Only at times a sick dream came to me
That once I had been Baldur and erstwhile
The gods in heaven had rejoiced to see
The glory of my smile.

In the Dim Country's languor I had lost
The way of smiling, and all genial words
Fell dumb at the near breath of Hela's frost
Like winter-smitten birds.

In that gray land of failure, we who died
Inglorious deaths, nourished our shadowy shame.
Meeting we turned our downward gaze aside
Before the Stranger came.

Across our hush I heard his quick feet ring,
For like a warrior fresh from fight he trod.
I looked him in the eyes, remembering
That I had been a god—

Remembering that promise of a throne
Upon the ashes of the burnt-out earth,—
A perfect kingdom rising all mine own
From worthlessness to worth.

. . . . . .

A sudden laughter shook the still dank air
Like the clear causeless laughter of a child.
Over the dusky meadows, bleak and bare,
All the Dim Country smiled,

And one went singing in the gloom—"Behold,
Baldur comes down to the dishonored dead.
What, shall we find the ways too murk and cold
That the Bright God can tread?

"Here in this land of dreams that are no more
  And spent desires, he laughs,—and in his eyes
In forms more glorious than once they bore
  We see our dead hopes rise."

"Ashes of earth upon hell's midden cast,
  From these," I cried, "shall Baldur build his throne—
But, oh, the wasted ages that I passed
  Unknowing and unknown—

"Nay, was I Baldur till I met thine eyes?
  Thine be the throne!" But, lo, he was not there,—
Only a wakened world, and a surprise
  Of morning in the air.

Baldur in Niflheim
AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

A light for revelation
to the Gentiles.

Before Christ left the Citadel of Light,
  To tread the dreadful way of human birth,
  His shadow sometimes fell upon the earth
And those who saw it wept with joy and fright.
"Thou art Apollo, than the sun more bright!"
They cried. "Our music is of little worth,
  But thrill our blood with thy creative mirth
Thou god of song, thou lord of lyric might!"

O singing pilgrim! who could love and follow
Your lover Christ, through even love's despair.
You knew within the cypress-darkened hollow
The feet that on the mountain are so fair.
For it was Christ that was your own Apollo,
And thorns were in the laurel on your hair.

His Laureate
JOYCE KILMER

There can be neither Jew nor Greek;
for ye are all one man in Christ Jesus.

O Man of my own people, I alone
Among these alien ones can know thy face,
I who have felt the kinship of thy race
Burn in me as I sit where they intone
Thy praises,—those who, striving to make known
A God for sacrifice, have missed the grace
Of thy sweet human meaning in its place,
Thou who art of our blood-bond and our own.

Are we not sharers of thy Passion? Yea,
In spirit-anguish closely by thy side
We have drained the bitter cup, and, tortured, felt
With thee the bruising of the heavy welt.
In every land is our Gethsemane.
A thousand times have we been crucified.

The Jew to Jesus
FLORENCE KIPER FRANK

That they may know the mystery
of God, even Christ.

Dear intimate of little folk, if now
You seem too incommensurably great,
Is it because 'tis easier to abate
Our faith than equal it with yours?—to allow
You the divine advantage, than avow
That other human hearts are designate
To share your mastery and free estate?
To you as God, we, unbelieving bow—
To you that, verily divine, have trod
The way to godhood; who, being simple, wed
Your love to Life's Almighty Will, and lo,
Upon the instant, like a river-head
Upspringing in your flesh, began to flow
Anew the world-creating power of God.

To Jesus
HENRY BRYAN BINNS

VII

THE WORLD'S JESUS

Go ye into all the world, and preach
the gospel to the whole creation.

Out from the doomed Jerusalem, in days of long ago,
By two and two they sallied forth to lands of sun or snow;
And each slow century since then has seen this loyal clan
Break out to bear the blessed news to all the sons of man.

Beside the slim, tall temples, where the tawny rivers run,
They set their tents where shining stars looked down on Babylon.
Through Memphis' linteled gates they passed, and sang a holy psalm,
Where carven gods looked down on them in immemorial calm.

Their bare feet pressed the beaten shore, beneath dark Nubia's cliffs;
They ate the corn from out their scrips, where Karnak's hieroglyphs
Tell how the world's gray mother, dead, beside old Nilus lies,
And held the lifted cross before Assyria's glazing eyes.

Down to imperial Rome they drew, o'er the Campagna's turf,
Nor halted where the rocky shore flung back the roaring surf,
But spread the sails, and, unafraid, across the seething main
Steered where the wild Atlantic lashed the pillared front of Spain.

In single file, on lonely paths, they walked through forests dim,
And stirred the Saxon silence with their solemn matin hymn;
The bloom of Irish primroses fell on their wandering feet,
And heather on the Scottish hills made all their garments sweet.

Beside the stormy Northern capes they taught the Vikings bold
And in the English meadows green the wondrous tale they told;
Amid the cairns, among the oaks, they reared the holy crypt,
And dared to tell of dying Love, where Druid altars dripped.

And still o'er all the earth they fare, where'er a soul has need;
My heart leaps up and calls to them: O Brothers mine! God speed!

What time within the jungle deep ye watch the day-
light die,
Or on some lonely Indian steep see dawn flush all the
sky.

Far is the cry from here to there, yet hearken when
we say:
Ye are the brethren of the Book; in Khartoum or
Cathay,
'Tis ye who make the record good, 'tis ye, O royal
souls!
Who justify the Chronicles, writ in the ancient scrolls.

O Missionaries of the Blood! Ambassadors of God!
Our souls flame in us when we see where ye have
fearless trod
At break of day; your dauntless faith our slackened
valor shames,
And every eve our joyful prayers are jeweled with your
names.

The Missionaries
ROBERT MCINTYRE

That the love wherewith thou lovest me
may be in them and I in them!

What means this waiting throng?
Whence have these weary wayworn wanderers come?
Why rises, in strange tongues, the expectant hum,
Like that tense under-song

The joyful Jordan voices in the spring
Till Hermon hearkens, leaning grandly down,
And wearing still his glimmering snowy crown?
Soon will these murmuring lips with ardor sing,
And soon these lifted faces, wan or brown,
Glow into worship that is rapturing.
Back will be thrown the consecrated door,
And then these feet, from many a distant shore,
Be privileged to press the hallowed floor.

Why they have come,—the hardy mountaineer
From Lebanon's cedars and their checkered shade?
The merchant and the snowy-mantled maid
Who hold great Nilus dear?
Why have they come,—the men with restless eyes
And pallid cheeks that tell of norland skies?
Why have they come,—the Latin and the Greek?
Do pilgrims thus this sanctuary seek
Because 'tis here
For year on forty year
The red earth drank
The deluged blood of Paynim and of Frank?
Or do they surge to see
The antique symmetry
Of springing arch and carven pillar fine,
In this old holy house of Constantine?

Ah, no! ah, no! To them the memory
Of war is not, and monarchs play no part
In any thought that stirs an eager heart.
They have no eyes to see

A single graceful groining. What care they
If here, upon a bygone Christmas-day
The King-Crusader, Baldwin, took his crown!
Or what to them the saint of blest renown
In yonder sepulcher, now crumbling clay!
Their patient feet one precious spot would press,
Their yearning eyes would lovingly caress
The time-dulled silver star
Sunk deep within the pavement, footfall-worn:
"*Here, of the Virgin Mary, Christ was born,*"
They read, these pilgrims who have plodded far.
They read and pass and ponder. Few can see
The tiny chapel and the dim-lit shrine,
And feel no thrill, despite the mummery,
Of something more divine
Within the breast than ever pulsed before.
Then let us pilgrims be
Upon this sacred day we all adore!
Although our mortal feet touch not the floor,
Although our mortal eyes may not behold,
Our spirits may take flight,
And with immortal sight
Stand where the prayerful wise-men stood of old
In ecstasy of adoration, when
They saw the Saviour of the sons of men.

The Christmas Pilgrimage (Bethlehem)
CLINTON SCOLLARD

I cannot put the Presence by, of Him, the Crucified,
Who moves men's spirits with His love as doth the moon the tide;
Again I see the Life He lived, the godlike Death He died.

Again I see upon the cross that great Soul-battle fought,
Into the texture of the world the tale of which is wrought
Until it hath become the woof of human deed and thought,—

And, joining with the cadenced bells that all the morning fill,
His cry of agony doth yet my inmost being thrill,
Like some fresh grief from yesterday that tears the heart-strings still.

I cannot put His presence by, I meet Him everywhere;
I meet Him in the country town, the busy market-square;
The Mansion and the Tenement attest His presence there.

Upon the funneled ships at sea He sets His shining feet;
The Distant Ends of Empire not in vain His Name repeat,—
And, like the presence of a rose, He makes the whole world sweet.

He comes to break the barriers down raised up by
barren creeds;
About the globe from zone to zone, like sunlight He
proceeds;
He comes to give the World's starved heart the per-
fect love it needs,—

The Christ, Whose friends have played Him false,
Whom Dogmas have belied,
Still speaking to the hearts of men—tho' shamed and
crucified,
The Master of the centuries Who will not be denied!

The Voice of Christmas
HARRY KEMP

And the Word became flesh, and
dwelt among us.

On Christmas Eve, so runs the marvellous tale,
Heaven once flashed through her amethystine veil,
And while this raptured earth beheld and heard
Those star-eclipsing choirs, the Eternal Word
Put on our flesh to bear our human bale.

Faint with the sweets such sanctities exhale,
Deep-brooding Doubt lets fall his winnowing flail,
And feels his weary heart divinely stirred
On Christmas Eve.

For sudden lustres play o'er hill and dale,
The silence thrills with music, mothers pale
Smile like Madonnas, and the Christ, unblurred
By mists of time, unslain, unsepulchred,
Life's cup reconsecrates to Holy Grail
On Christmas Eve.

On Christmas Eve
KATHARINE LEE BATES

I press toward the goal unto the prize
of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

If I had been in Palestine
A poor disciple I had been.
I had not risked or purse or limb
All to forsake, and follow Him.
But with the vast and wondering throng
I too had stood and listened long;
I too had felt my spirit stirred
When the Beatitudes I heard.

With the glad crowd that sang the psalm,
I too had sung, and strewed the palm;
Then slunk away in dastard shame
When the High Priest denounced His name.
But when my late companions cried
"Away! let Him be crucified!"
I would have begged, with tremulous
Pale lips, "Release Him unto us!"

Beside the cross when Mary prayed,
A great way off I too had stayed;
Not even in that hour had dared,
And for my dying Lord declared;
But beat upon my craven breast,
And loathed my coward heart, at least,
To think my life I dared not stake
And beard the Romans for His sake.

Judge me, O Lord!
SARAH N. CLEGHORN

Who shall separate us from
the love of Christ?

I

O man of light and lore!
Do you mean that in our day
The Christ hath passed away;
That nothing now is divine
In the fierce rays that shine
Through every cranny of thought;
That Christ as He once was taught
Shall be the Christ no more?
That the Hope and Saviour of men
Shall be seen no more again;
That, miracles being done,
Gone is the Holy One?
And thus, you hold, this Christ
For the past alone sufficed;

From the throne of the hearts of the world
The Son of God shall be hurled,
And henceforth must be sought
New prophets and kings of thought;
That the tenderest, truest word
The heart of sorrow hath heard
Shall sound no more upon earth;
That he who hath made of birth
A dread and sacred rite;
Who hath brought to the eyes of death
A vision of heavenly light,
Shall fade with our failing faith;—
He who saw in children's eyes
Eternal paradise;
Who made the poor man's lowly
Labor a service holy,
And sweat of work more sweet
Than incense at God's feet;
Who turned the God of Fear
To a Father, bending near;
Who looked through shame and sin
At the sanctity within;
Whose memory, since he died,
The earth hath sanctified—
Hath been the stay and the hold
Of millions of lives untold,
And the world on its upward path
Hath led from crime and wrath;—
You say that this Christ hath passed
And we cannot hold him fast?

II

Ah, no! If the Christ you mean
Shall pass from this time, this scene,
These hearts, these lives of ours,
'Tis but as the summer flowers
Pass but return again,
To gladden the world of men.
For he,—the only, the true,—
In each age, in each waiting heart,
Leaps into life anew.
Tho' he pass, he shall not depart.

Behold him now where he comes!
Not the Christ of our subtle creeds,
But the lord of our hearts, of our homes,
Of our hopes, our prayers, our needs;
The brother of want and blame,
The lover of women and men,
With a love that puts to shame
All passions of mortal ken;—
Yet of all of women born
His is the scorn of scorn;
Before whose face do fly
Lies and the love of a lie;
Who from the temple of God
And the sacred place of laws
Drives forth, with smiting rod,
The herds of ravening maws.

'Tis he, as none other can,
Makes free the spirit of man,

And speaks, in darkest night,
One word of awful light
That strikes through the dreadful pain
Of life, a reason sane—
That word divine which brought
The universe from naught.

Ah, no, thou life of the heart,
Never shalt thou depart!
Not till the leaven of God
Shall lighten each human clod;
Not till the world shall climb
To thy height serene, sublime,
Shall the Christ who enters our door
Pass to return no more.

The Passing of Christ
RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of lights.

Lord, I am just a little boy
  Born one day like You,
And I've got a mother dear
  And a birthday too.
But my birthday comes in spring,
  When the days are long,
And the robin in the tree
  Wakens me with song.

Since the birds are all away,
  Lord, when You are born,
Let Your angels waken me
  On Your birthday morn.

Lord, I'm just a little boy,
  Hidden in the night:
Let Your angels spy me out
  Long before it's light.
I would be the first to wake
  And the first to raise
In this quiet home of ours
  Songs of love and praise.
You shall hear me first, dear Lord,
  Blow my Christmas horn;
Let Your angels waken me
  On Your birthday morn.

A Child's Christmas Song
T. A. Daly

This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.

All these on whom the sacred seal was set,
They could forsake thee while thine eyes were wet.
Brother, not once have I believed in thee,
Yet having seen I cannot once forget.

I have looked long into those friendly eyes,
And found thee dreaming, fragile, and unwise.
Brother, not once have I believed in thee,
Yet have I loved thee for thy gracious lies.

One broke thee with a kiss at eventide,
And he that loved thee well has thrice denied.
Brother, I have no faith in thee at all,
Yet must I seek thy hands, thy feet, thy side.

Behold that John that leaned upon thy breast;
His eyes grew heavy and he needs must rest.
I watched unseen through dark Gethsemane
And might not slumber, for I loved thee best.

Peace thou wilt give to them of troubled mind,
Bread to the hungry, spittle to the blind.
My heart is broken for my unbelief,
But that thou canst not heal though thou art kind.

They asked one day to sit beside thy throne.
I made one prayer, in silence and alone.
Brother, thou knowest my unbelief in thee.
Bear not my sins, for thou must bear thine own.

Even he that grieves thee most "Lord, Lord," he saith,
So will I call on thee with my last breath!
Brother, not once have I believed in thee,
Yet I am wounded for thee unto death.

An Unbeliever
ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

He came and preached peace
to you that were far off.

It is said the Bedouins cry, on the Syrian hills, a clear
Loud summons to War, and the tribes far distant hearken and hear,
So wondrous rare is the air, so crystal the atmosphere.
Their call is to arms; but One, in the centuries long ago,
Spake there for Peace, in tones that were marvellous sweet and low,
And the ages they hear Him yet, and His voice do the nations know.

On Syrian Hills
RICHARD BURTON

Beloved, let us love one another,
for love is of God.

My father prayed as he drew a bead on the graycoats,
Back in those blazing years when the house was divided.
Bless his old heart! There never was truer or kinder;
Yet he prayed, while hoping the ball from his clumsy old musket
Might thud to the body of some hot-eyed young Southerner
And tumble him limp in the mud of the Vicksburg trenches.

That was my father, serving the Lord and his country,
Praying and shooting whole-heartedly,
Never a doubt.
And now what about
Me in my own day of battle?
Could I put my prayers behind a slim Springfield bullet?
Hardly, except to mutter: "Jesus, we part here.
My country calls for my body, and takes my soul also.
Do you see those humans herded and driven against me?
Turn away, Jesus, for I've got to kill them.
Why? Oh, well, it's the way of my fathers,
And such evils bring some vast, vague good to my country.
I don't know why, but to-day my business is killing,
And my gods must be luck and the devil till this thing is over.
Leave me now, Lord. Your eye makes me slack in my duty."
My father could mix his prayers and his shooting,
And he was a rare true man in his generation.
Now, I'm fairly decent in mine, I reckon;
Yet if I should pray like him, I'd spoil it by laughing.
What is the matter?

My Father and I
CHARLES BADGER CLARK, JR.

Christ also suffered, the righteous
for the unrighteous.

They have dressed me up in a soldier's dress,
With a rifle in my hand,
And have sent me bravely forth to shoot
My own in a foreign land.

Oh, many shall die for the fields of their homes,
And many in conquest wild,
But I shall die for the fatherland
That murdered my little child.

How many hundreds of years ago—
The nations wax and cease!—
Did the God of our fathers doom us to bear
The flaming message of peace!

We are the mock and the sport of time!
Yet why should I complain!—
For the Jew that they hung on the bloody cross,
He also died in vain.

The Jewish Conscript (in Russia)
FLORENCE KIPER FRANK

Far be it from me to glory, save
in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

At the high ridge
Of a wide war-stricken realm
There stands an ancient wooden Christ.

Hollow the tottering image towers,
Eyeless, and rotten, and decrepit there,
His smile a cruel twist.
Within the empty heart of this old Christ
Small stinging insects build their nests;
And iron-hearted soldiers cross themselves
The while they pass
The hollow-hearted figure by.

I think there is no Christ left there
In all those carnage-loving lands
Save only this of hollow wood
With wasp nests
Hiving in its heart.

The Wooden Christ
MARTHA FOOTE CROW

Written before Good Friday, 1917.

I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may be with you forever.

Under our curtain of fire,
Over the clotted clouds,
We charged, to be withered, to reel
And despairingly wheel
When the bugles bade us retire.
From the terrible odds.

As we ebbed with the battle-tide,
Fingers of red-hot steel
Suddenly closed on my side.

I fell, and began to pray.
I crawled on my hands and lay
Where a shallow crater yawned wide;
Then,—I swooned . . .

When I woke it was yet day.
Fierce was the pain of my wound;
But I saw it was death to stir,
For fifty paces away
Their trenches were.
In torture I prayed for the dark
And the stealthy step of my friend
Who, staunch to the very end,
Would creep to the danger-zone
And offer his life as a mark
To save my own.

Night fell. I heard his tread,—
Not stealthy, but firm and serene,
As if my comrade's head
Were lifted from that scene
Of passion and pain and dread;
As if my comrade's heart
In carnage took no part;
As if my comrade's feet
Were set on some radiant street
Such as no darkness could haunt;
As if my comrade's eyes
No deluge of flame could surprise,
No death and destruction daunt,

No red-beaked bird dismay,
Nor sight of decay.
Then in the bursting shells' dim light,
I saw he was clad in white.
For a moment I thought that I saw the smock
Of a shepherd in search of his flock.
Alert were the enemy, too,
And their bullets flew
Straight at a mark no bullet could fail:
For the seeker was tall and his robe was bright;
But he did not flee nor quail.
Instead, with unhurrying stride,
He came,
And, gathering my tall frame,
Like a child in his arms . . .

Again I swooned;
And awoke
From a blissful dream
In a cave by a stream.
My silent comrade had bound my side.
No pain now was mine, but a wish that I spoke,—
A mastering wish to serve this man
Who had ventured through hell my doom to revoke,
As only the truest of comrades can.
I begged him to tell me how best I might aid him,
And urgently prayed him
Never to leave me, whatever betide;
When I saw he was hurt—
Shot through the hands that were clasped in prayer!
Then, as the dark drops gathered there

And fell in the dirt,
The wounds of my friend
Seemed to me such as no man might bear.
Those bullet-holes in the patient hands
Seemed to transcend
All horrors that ever these war-drenched lands
Had known or would know till the mad world's end.
Then suddenly I was aware
That his feet had been wounded, too,
And, dimming the white of his side
A dull stain grew.
"You are hurt, White Comrade!" I cried.
His words I already foreknew:
"These are old wounds," said he,
"But of late they have troubled me."

The White Comrade
ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Let not your heart be troubled,
neither let it be afraid.

Perhaps they had no time to think of Him,
Those comfortable men, when business urged;
And where the dusty whirl of pleasure surged
The memory of His face no doubt grew dim—
But when they turned from safety and content,
Unflinchingly laid by
The tools of their prosperity, and went
To suffer and to die

For just a thought, a disembodied dream
That some call Nothing — when they knew the wrench
Of raveled nerves, the squalor of the trench,
The dying look's reproach, the scarlet steam
Of battle hand to hand—amid that hell
Of agony they looked into the eyes
They had not seen, in days when all was well.
Out of the marsh of death they saw Him rise
In the white robes that gladdened Galilee,
Walking the hot red waves of blood and flame
As long ago He came
To those that laboured on a troubled sea.
And they, who had forgotten Him so long,
Remembered that those wounded hands were strong
And infinitely kind . . .
O Lord of Love! shall we not understand,
Who in our comfort are as grossly blind?
We prosper to the height of our desire—
How should our rich and busy hands require
Aught of the Wounded Hand?
Till comes a day when we are under fire,
Spent, bleeding, stripped of our complacent pride,
And beaten to the last extremity,
Then, a living presence at our side,
White Comrade, we find—Thee!

The White Comrade
AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses!

Ours is a dark Easter-tide and a scarlet Spring,
But high up at Heaven's gate all the saints sing,
Glad for the great companies returning to their King!

Oh, in youth the dawn's a rose, dusk an amethyst,
All the roads from dusk to dawn, gay they wind and twist—
The old road to Paradise, easy it is missed!

But out on the wet battle-fields, few the roadways wind,
One to grief, one to death, no road that's kind—
The old road to Paradise, plain it is to find!

(Martin in his colonel's cloak, Joan in her mail,
David in his robe and crown—few there be that fail—
Down the road to Paradise they stand to greet and hail!)

Where the dark's a terror-thing, morn a hope doubt-tossed,
Where the lads lie thinking long out in rain and frost,
There they find their God again, long ago they lost!

Where the night comes cruelly, where the hurt men moan,
Where the crushed forgotten ones whisper prayers alone,
Christ along the battle-fields comes to lead His own:

Souls that would have withered soon in the hot world's glare,
Blown and gone like shrivelled things, dusty on the air,
Rank on rank they follow Him, young and strong and fair!

Ours is a sad Easter-tide, and a woeful day,
But high up at Heaven's gate the saints are all gay,
For the old road to Paradise, that's a crowded way!

The Old Road to Paradise
MARGARET WIDDEMER

The Dayspring from on high shall guide
our feet in the way of peace.

Far, far the mountain peak from me
Where lone he stands, with look caressing;
Yet from the valley, wistfully
I lift my dreaming eyes, and see
His hand stretched forth in blessing.

Never bird sings nor blossom blows
Upon that summit chill and breathless
Where throned he waits amid the snows;
But from his presence wide outflows
Love that is warm and deathless!

O Symbol of the great release
From war and strife!—unfailing fountain
To which we turn for joy's increase,
Fain would we climb to heights of Peace—
Thy peace upon the mountain!

The Christ of the Andes
FLORENCE EARLE COATES

Thy kingdom come!

Across the bitter centuries I hear the wail of men:
"Oh, would that Jesus Lord, the Christ, would come
to us again."
We decorate our altars with a ceremonious pride,
With all the outward shows of pomp His worship is
supplied:
Great churches raise their mighty spires to pierce the
sunlit skies
While in the shadow of the cross we mutter blas-
phemies.

We know we do not do His will who lessoned us to pray,
"Our Father grant within our lives Thy Kingdom rule
to-day."
The prayer He taught us once a week we mouth with
half-shut eye
While in the charnel-house of words immortal mean-
ings die.
Above our brothers' frailties we cry "Unclean! Unclean!"
And with the hands that served her shame still stone
the Magdalene.

We know within our factories that wan-cheeked women
reel
Among the deft and droning belts that spin from
wheel to wheel.
We know that unsexed childhood droops in dull-eyed
drudgery—
The little children that He blessed in far off Galilee,—
Yet surely, Lord, our hearts would grow more merci-
ful to them,
If Thou couldst come again to us as once in Bethlehem.

A Page from America's Psalter
WILLARD WATTLES

Suffer the little children, and forbid
them not, to come unto me.

"Christ the Lord is risen!"
Chant the Easter children,
Their love-moulded faces
Luminous with gladness,
And their costly raiment
Gleaming like the lilies.

But last night I wandered
Where Christ had not risen,
Where love knows no gladness,
Where the Lord of Hunger
Leaves no room for lilies
And no time for childhood.

And to-day I wonder
Whether I am dreaming;
For above the swelling
Of their Easter music
I can hear the murmur
"Suffer *all* the children."

Nay, the world is dreaming!
And my seeing spirit
Trembles for its waking,
When their Saviour rises
To restore the lilies
To the outcast children.

The Easter Children
ELSA BARKER

I came that they may have life,
and may have it more abundantly.

When the Lord of the great and the little,
The potter whose hand shapes our clay,
Sets a child in the midst of the market
Where the world-peoples chaffer all day,
Sets a child with its innocent questions,
Its flower-face dimpled and fine,
In the very heart's core of the clamor,
A thought of the Maker divine;—

And men, in their lust for dominion,
Their madness for silver and gold,
Crush the beauty and charm of that spirit,
Make the flower-face withered and old,

Bind the hands and feet with a tether
That childhood can never untie,
Deem not that Jehovah unheeding
Looks down from the heights of the sky.

He sees, though we think Him unseeing,
He knows when the factory wheels
Grind down the life-blood of children;
When the poor little bond-servant kneels
In the pang of its frightful abasement;—
Though all are deaf to its prayer,
There is coming a dark day of judgment,
And the Lord of the child will be there.

The child in the midst, as we've marred it,
Bent-shouldered, dull-eyed, and a slave,
That cringes at word and at fetter,
That cries for the rest of the grave;
With our free flag unfolding above it,
So free, from the pine to the palm!
And our scared pallid children beneath it!
There's a jar in the lilt of our psalm.

From the mine where the midnight engulfs it,
From the mill where the clogged air is thick
With the dust of the weaving that chokes it;
From the home where it's fevered and sick

With man's toil, when God meant it for gladness,
The child in the midst of our clay
God-moulded, man-marred, calls to heaven
For the vengeance we're daring this day.

The Child in the Midst
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me.

O Mary, lend thy Babe to me
To hold upon my breast!
It cannot be, it cannot be—
Thy heart would shake his rest.
Beneath thy robe I see it leap—
How in such tumult could he sleep?

God's Mother, shame upon thee now,
So hard and cold to be!
And who art thou—and who art thou
That criest shame on me?
A wasted woman, hungering sore
For the sweet babe I never bore.

Now for that waste be thine the shame—
Thy sentence thou dost speak;
And for that hunger thine the blame.
Were no lost lambs to seek
Where crowds unseeing pass and press—
No little children motherless?

O Mary, let me seek for such!
Mine eyes with tears were blind—
Nay, daughter, seek not overmuch;
Go forth and thou shalt find
Naked and hungry everywhere
The little ones thou didst not bear.

Wipe clear of useless tears thine eyes,
Thy heart of futile dreams.
Go forth to face realities—
One deed of mercy seems
To this my Son and Me, more fair
Than a whole life of barren prayer.

Love not in word, but in good sooth;
Deserted and defiled,
Each little human form in truth
Harbours the Eternal Child.
Held in thine arms, His eyes of grace
Shall open to thy bending face.

God's Mother, I have been to blame—
Nay, daughter,—no regret.
Forget thy blame, forget thy shame—
Thy very self forget.
Give wholly thine awakened heart.
My Child hath need of all thou art.

At Bethlehem
AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called children of God!

Thou hast on earth a Trinity,—
Thyself, my fellow-man, and me:
When one with him, then one with Thee:
Nor, save together, thine are we.

To the Christ
J. B. Tabb

Can the blind guide the blind?

She called from her cell,
"Let me give you a rose,"
To the cold tract-man
In his Sabbath clothes.

And the tract-man said
To the one gone mad,
"How can you give
What you never had?"

"As you give Christ,"
The madwoman said,
"While love in your heart
Lies cold and dead."

Madness
Harry Lee

If any man cometh unto me, and hateth not
. . . his own life, he cannot be my disciple.

A Christmas gift, oh Lord—
Some fiery vision,
Not drowsy promises
Of fields Elysian.

It was but now we came
Out of the jungle;
And how can beasts contrive
Save botch and bungle?
Since half is still the beast
And half is human,
Sorrow must follow hard
On man and woman.

But let Thy kindness thrill
Through hateful places:
Our wicked streets are paved
With baby faces—

For these, Thy little ones,
Strew Christmas graces;

Let each one have a toy,
Forget not any
And think upon their tears—
The sad too many!

For their sake come once more
Down to Thy manger;
Once more drive from Thy church
The money-changer.

Again where all may see
Die for us, Master:
Because we shrink too much
From death's disaster,
Master, once more die Thou,
And show us how.

On Christmas Day
GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

To-day if ye shall hear his voice—

Once by an arch of ancient stone,
Beneath Italian olive-trees
(In Pentecostal youth, too prone
To visions such as these),

And now a second time, to-day,
Yonder, an hour ago! 'Tis strange.
—The hot beach shelving to the bay,
That far white mountain range,

The motley town where Turk and Greek
Spit scorn and hatred as I pass;
Seraglio windows, doors that reek
Sick perfume of the mass;

The muezzin cry from Allah's tower,
  French sailors singing in the street;
The Western meets the Eastern power,
  And mingles—this is Crete.

. . . . . .

'Tis strange! No wonder and no dread
  Was on me; hardly even surprise.
I knew before he raised his head
  Or fixed me with his eyes

That it was he; far off I knew
  The leaning figure by the boat,
The long straight gown of faded hue;
  The hair that round his throat

Fell forward as he bent in speech
  Above the naked sailor there,
Calking his vessel on the beach,
  Full in the noonday glare.

Sharp rang the sailor's mallet-stroke
  Pounding the tow into the seam;
He paused and mused, and would have spoke,
  Lifting great eyes of dream

Unto those eyes which slowly turned—
  As once before, even so now—
Till full on mine their passion burned
  With, "Yes, and is it thou?"

Then o'er the face about to speak
  Again he leaned; the sunburnt hair,
Fallen forward, hid the tawny cheek;
  And I who, for my share,

Had but the instant's gaze, no more,
  And sweat and shuddering of the mind,
Stumbling along the dazzling shore,
  Until a cool sweet wind

From far-off Ida's silver caves
  Said, "Stay"; and here I sit the while.
. . . . . .

And all my being, for an hour,
  Has sat in stupor, without thought,
Empty of memory, love, or power,
  A dumb wild creature caught

In toils of purpose not its own!
  But now at last the ebbed will turns;
Feeding on spirit, blood, and bone,
  The ghostly protest burns.

"Yea, it is I, 'tis I indeed!
  But who art thou, and plannest what?
Beyond all use, beyond all need!
  Importunate, unbesought,

"Unwelcome, unendurable!
  To the vague boy I was before—
O unto him thou camest well;
  But now, a boy no more,

"Firm-seated in my proper good,
Clear-operant in my functions due,
Potent and plenteous of my mood,—
What hast thou here to do?

"Yes, I have loved thee—love thee, yes;
But also—hear'st thou?—also him
Who out of Ida's wilderness
Over the bright sea-rim,

"With shaken cones and mystic dance,
To Dirce and her seven waters
Led on the raving Corybants,
And lured the Theban daughters

"To play on the delirious hills
Three summer days, three summer nights,
Where wert thou when these had their wills?
How liked thee their delights?

"Past Melos, Pelos, to the straits,
The waters roll their spangled mirth,
And westward, through Gibraltar gates,
To my own under-earth,

"My glad, great land, which at the most
Knows that its fathers knew thee; so
Will spend for thee nor count the cost;
But follow thee? Ah, no!

"Thine image gently fades from earth!
  Thy churches are as empty shells,
Dim-plaining of thy words and worth,
  And of thy funerals!

"But oh, upon what errand, then,
  Leanest thou at the sailor's ear?
Hast thou yet more to say, that men
  Have heard not, and must hear?"

Passages from *Second Coming*
WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

Lo, I am with you always, even
unto the end of the world!

Loud mockers in the roaring street
  Say Christ is crucified again:
Twice pierced His gospel-bearing feet,
  Twice broken His great heart in vain.

I hear and to myself I smile,
For Christ talks with me all the while.

No angel now to roll the stone
  From off His unawaking sleep,
In vain shall Mary watch alone,
  In vain the soldiers vigil keep.

Yet while they deem my Lord is dead
My eyes are on His shining head.

Ah! never more shall Mary hear
  That voice exceeding sweet and low
Within the garden calling clear:
  Her Lord is gone, and she must go.

Yet all the while my Lord I meet
In every London lane and street.

Poor Lazarus shall wait in vain,
  And Bartimeus still go blind;
The healing hem shall ne'er again
  Be touched by suffering humankind.

Yet all the while I see them rest,
The poor and outcast, on His breast.

No more unto the stubborn heart
  With gentle knocking shall He plead,
No more the mystic pity start,
  For Christ twice dead is dead indeed.

So in the street I hear men say,
Yet Christ is with me all the day.

The Second Crucifixion
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

VIII

CHRIST AND THE WORLD WAR

He appointed singers . . . that should praise the Beauty of Holiness as they went out before the army. And when they began to sing and to praise, the Lord set ambushments against the enemy and they were smitten.

Weary the centuries while His Kingdom waits,
For earth is rent with strife and hate and woe,
And Youth's bright armies down to death must go!
Remorseless hell has opened wide its gates
As if God's rule had passed to vengeful Fates
And plotting fiends could wander to and fro!
Where now is Christ with tender love aglow—
Christ who His days to mercy consecrates?

"Ye call me Prince of Peace," He answers—"bless
My name. But lo! when man exults in crime,
Mine is the lightning-stroke, the whirlwind-stress,
The cannon's roar, the battle-front sublime!
My peace is the great Peace of Righteousness,
And Love and Justice meet in Valor's prime!"

I Came Not to Send Peace but a Sword

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

By what power or in what name have ye done this?

The Kings of the earth are men of might,
And cities are burned for their delight,
And the skies rain death in the silent night,
And the hills belch death all day!

But the King of Heaven, who made them all,
Is fair and gentle, and very small;
He lies in the straw, by the oxen's stall—
Let them think of Him to-day!

Kings. A Christmas Poem in War-time

JOYCE KILMER

Killed in action, August 1, 1918

Jesus . . . made a scourge of small cords
and drove the money-changers out of the Temple.

Who said, "*It is a booth where doves are sold?*"
Who said, "*It is a money-changers' cave?*"
Silence to such forever, and behold!
It is a vast cathedral, and its nave
And dim-lit transept and broad aisles are filled
With a great nation's millions on their knees
With new devotion and high fervor thrilled,
Offering silver and heart's-ease
And love and life and all sweet-temporal things,
Still to keep bright
The steady light
That stifles in the wake of kings!

A market-place! they cried?
A lotus-land? They *lied!*
It is a great cathedral, not with hands
Upraised, but by the spirit's mute commands;

Uplifted by the spirit, wall and spire,
To house a nation's purified desire!
A church! Where in hushed fervor stand
  The children of contending races,
Forgetting feud and fatherland—
  A hundred million lifted faces.

From *An Ode of Dedication*
HERMANN HAGEDORN

Until the Ancient of Days come!

In garments dyed with blood, thorn-crowned, alone,
A wistful figure on the battle-field
Is by frore moonlight through the dusk revealed.
The mutterings of crass voices 'round him groan.
  "Hearing he has not heard;
  A god, he has not stirred
To stay this shamefulness of war," men say.
Spear-pierced by scorn he passes on his way.

Dark is earth's skyline, scarlet-dark; and he
Is pale as wind-blown ashes. His scarred face
Droops to the slain boys in that slaughter-place;
His wounded hands touch all hands tenderly.
  Yet when he lifts his eyes
  The love-light in them dies;
For fury he has fury and for those
Who show no mercy he no mercy knows.

He tramples out the wine-press of his wrath;
He puts the mighty down from their high seat;
Time-rotted tyrannies topple at his feet;
Gaunt discrowned spectres flit before his path.
  Their doom was in his word
  When first Judea heard
Of brotherhood. Kings scuttle at his nod,
Blown down black battles by the breath of God.

The night brims up with hate and misery;
As from the ground, at each thin blart of fire,
Gleam dead phosphoric eyes in deathless ire.
The hosts snatch freedom from their butchery.
  Dead—no lords they fear,
  Dead—their blue lips jeer.
Their cross, and his, drives on the smash of things.
The Carpenter builds scaffolds for the Kings.

The Carpenter
JAMES CHURCH ALVORD

Not a sparrow shall fall
without your Father.

Bird o'er the battlefield, singing in lull of the thunder,
What gave you song? Oh, be migrant; be fleet-winged
  and pass!
Though year to year you have mated and brooded
  hereunder,
Seek not your safety this spring in this blood-matted
  grass.

You that last Maytime sang unto the west and its
glamor,
Speed while you may, while your wings are unwounded
and strong.
Think you to nest in these trenches? This merciless
clamor,
Think you to drown its least shrapnel with lyrical song?

Yet, if you stray, like an innocent child in a gutter,
Wounded are here whose delirium shall hear you, and
see
Brooks in the farms of their youth, and whose fever
shall mutter
Name of a girl, of a mother, of Christ of the Tree.

What, spite of shrapnel and danger, has made you
enraptured?
Seeing and hearing what man may not see and not hear?
Bird o'er the battlefield, what has your tiny heart
captured?
Is it that Christ, walking storm-waves of trenches,
comes near?

Bird O'er the Battlefield
ISABEL FISKE CONANT

Himself He cannot save.

One word sprang up in the heart of Christ,
The center of all his power,
The blossom of his transcendent life,—
That miracle-word was "our."

Our Father! 'Tis always "*our*," not "*my*."
Together we must pray.
Our Father! Deliver *us*, lead *us;*
Our debts, *our* bread to-day!

None can be Christ's and stand alone;
'Tis only leagued that we run;
There'll be no Christian upon this earth
Till the last man is won.

Together must we lift our hearts!
This was his message high.
Into the listening ear of God
No man may whisper "I."

For self, He says, I may not fight,
For *my* land, for *my* breath;
But in the jeopardy of good,
Then fight I to the death!

A Thought of Jesus
MARTHA FOOTE CROW

High above all principality and power
and might and dominion and every name that is named!

There has been only one man in my mind
All through the four black years.
I've heard of him in the sodden tents,

I've seen his face in the filthy trench
Where the soldiers laugh at fears:
Yea, by the young men's biers
I've seen him stand by the mothers
Shivering under their tears.

There has been only one man on the coasts
Where the refugees are come;
He has been in the minds of the massacred hosts
Driven and starved and dumb;
Where staggering lines of men obey
The word that takes them a deathly way
And souls fight on while ranks succumb.

He has come very near—
This one man of the world,
Where the herded peoples die on the plain
And the children dwindle like blighted grain;
By fierce flags over high standards curled
By embattled men in thousands hurled
Out of the green and living world—
He is writ on the Scroll of the Slain,
And comes to his own again.
Yea, to the man's shape in Berlin
I see his passionless presence win;
There, to the shamed, world-loathéd head
I see this one man enter in
With calm accusing tread.

So, while the world in trance
Conceives an unborn Soul,
I see this one man's countenance

Turned on the myriad eyes that glance
Forward to his control.
Through bloody towns and wreckstrewn seas,
Along by the shattered orchard trees,
I see New Being rise from its knees,
New regiments enroll;
Marshals a New Mankind
And a world of this One Man's mind!

The Type
EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

Inasmuch as He Himself hath suffered, being tempted,
He is able to succor them that are tempted.

These sodden slimy trenches are my pews;
This is my flock—rude, blood-bespattered men.
Some boys are here whom I once taught at home—
Far closer are we now than in those days.
Then I have other lads who say the church
Breeds superstition and hypocrisy.
Some swear and gamble—till I won their hearts
I heard them curse me for a "Holy Joe"!

Yet with what awe I minister to them—
As fine a breed as God has put on earth!
Irreverent—true! But by their scoffs they mask
The altar fires aflame within their breasts!
I do not preach to them that bloodless Christ
Whom artists picture haunting No Man's Land—

Aloof and shuddering at the things He sees.
Instead I tell them of that Man who met
With fearless heart yon despot's cross and sword,
And died, that through His death the soul might live.

They nod their heads; they understand this Christ . . .
They take Him with them to their Calvary!

The Army Chaplain
DANIEL HENDERSON

I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil.

I cannot think or reason,
I only know He came
With hands and feet of healing
And wild heart all aflame.

With eyes that dimmed and softened
At all the things He saw,
And in his pillared singing
I read the marching Law.

I only know He loves me,
Enfolds and understands—
And oh, his heart that holds me,
And oh, his certain hands—

The man, the Christ, the soldier,
Who from his cross of pain
Cried to the dying comrade,
"Lad, we shall meet again."

Comrades of the Cross
WILLARD WATTLES

Whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord.

My shoulders ache beneath my pack,
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back.)

I march with feet that burn and smart,
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart.)

Men shout at me who may not speak,
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek.)

I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear,

(Then shall my fickle soul forget
Thine Agony of Bloody Sweat?)

My rifle hand is stiff and numb,
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come.)

Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea,

So let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen.

Prayer of a Soldier in France

JOYCE KILMER

Killed in action, August 1, 1918

Accept your share of hardship,
like a noble soldier of Christ Jesus.

I came to a halt at the bend of the road;
I took off my knapsack and lightened my load;
I came to a halt at the bend of the road.

And I said to my Lord, "You have left me alone;
And the road is so long—see—I'm tired to the bone—"
I said to my Lord, "You have left me alone."

"My son," Jesus said, "are you glad what you do?
All that I suffered, you're suffering, too.
My son," Jesus said, "are you glad what you do?"

'Twas for love of you, dear, that I died on the tree;
My child, can you die for your country—and me?
'Twas for love of you, dear, that I died on the tree.

I said to my Lord, "Jesus, take my whole soul,"
Then I took up the march and I shouldered my roll;
I said to my Lord, "Jesus, take my whole soul."

I'm ready. Dear Jesus, be happy and smile.
Rest a little. I'll carry your burden a while.
I'm ready. Dear Jesus, be happy—and smile!

At the Bend of the Road

Translation by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER, from the French of Charles Mercier, Stretcher-bearer, VI Company Machine-gunners.

Ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars:
see that ye be not troubled.

Wild Europe, red with Wodin's dreadful dew,
On fire with Loki's hate, more savage than
Beasts that we shame by likening to man,
Was it toward this the toiling centuries grew?

Was it for this the Reign of Love began
In that young heretic, that gracious Jew,
Whose race his followers flout the ages through?
Is Time at last a mere comedian,

Mocking in cap and bells our pompous boast
Of progress? Nay, we will not bear it so.
A million hands launch ships to succor woe;
The stars that shudder o'er the slaughtering host

Rain blessing on the Red Cross groups that go
Careless of shrapnel, emulous for the post
Where foul diseases wreak their uttermost
Of horror. Saintship walks incognito

As scoffing Science, but Christ knows his own.
Sway as it may the war-god's fell caprice,
The victories of Love shall still increase
Until at last, from all this wail and moan,

Rises the song of brotherhood to cease
No more, no more,—the song that shall atone
Even for this mad agony. The throne
That war is building is the throne of Peace.

*Wild Europe**

KATHARINE LEE BATES

* Taken by permission from "The Retinue and Other Poems," copyright E. P. Dutton and Co.

Mahomed's banners dark the sun.
Under the smile of the Christian Hun,
Islam hate hath its work begun.
March, march, Armenia, march!

Over your threshold seeps a flood;
Bright are your lintels flecked with blood:
March, march, Armenia, march!
Out at the doors where your first-born males
Dripping sag from the piercing nails,
Sound your reveille with dying wails—
March, march, Armenia, march!
Lingering woe of the crucified,
Hanging on high like Christ who died:
Time not to weep by your crucified—
March, march, Armenia, march!

You flaunt no helmets to the skies,
Dulling the red rain from your eyes—
March, march, Armenia, march!
Blinded, grope to the desert wild,
Trampling the head of the slaughtered child;
Over the limbs of the maid defiled,
March, march, Armenia, march!

Climbing Arahrat's sacred crest
Where came the Ark of Life to rest,
March, march, Armenia, march!
Sounds the last charge: the trumpets blow;
Waves of steel through your thin ranks flow;
Four thousand feet to the crags below,
March, march, Armenia, march!

Christ's arms outstretched no hate can hide—
When Rome slew him, it nailed them wide!
Into the heart of the Crucified,
March, march, Armenia, march!

Armenian Marching Song
AJAN SYRIAN.

Ye are come to Mount Zion, the City of the Ever-living God, to the spirits of just men made perfect.

A banner blows where Sharon's rose in beauty once did bloom,
The cruel Crescent meets its doom, the Cross triumphant goes!

Where once the harp and tabor rung a newer song is sung—
"We're going to Jerusalem to vanquish Freedom's foes."
"We're going to Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem;
We're going to Jerusalem to fight for Freedom's cause,
That prophecy may be fulfilled, of lands untilled and thousands killed,
And mighty sacrifice be spilled, obedient to laws."

Oh little town of Bethlehem, thy streets may sound again
With rhythmic beat of marching feet of world-wide gathered men,
They follow true, Gentile and Jew, the great Judean's word,
Who said, "I do not bring to you Peace, but I bring a sword."

Throughout each blue Judean hill stalk martial figures strange,
And mighty guns that seek their range make Hebron's echoes thrill.
From ancient temple, mosque, and shrine, cathedral, chapel, home,
Come men who knelt in England or bowed the knee at Rome,
Or bent the brow at Buddhist shrine, or failed of any creed;
All claim the right to march and fight for Freedom at her need.
They're going to Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem,

They're going to Jerusalem with cannon and with sword;
From land of palm and land of pine, from tropic shrine and Afric mine,
They're going to Jerusalem to battle for the Lord.

And when the warrior's task is done, at set of sun, at rest of gun,
Perhaps some Shropshire lad may run, forgetful of the war,
To rest his limbs and drink his fill by cool Siloam's shady rill
Or sleep upon some sheltered hill that sacred feet once bore.
Some hardy boy from Saskatoon beneath the moon may rest and croon
Some modern ukulele tune where David piped of yore,
And men from Dublin and Dundee dream deep beneath some olive tree,
Or row on peaceful Galilee or wander on its shore.
For ours shall be Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem;
For ours shall be Jerusalem, that golden city blest,
The happy home of which we've sung in every land and every tongue
When there the pure white cross is hung, great spirits shall have rest!

The Last Crusade

Published ten days before the taking of Jerusalem.

ANNE HIGGINSON SPICER

This charge I commit unto thee: wage
a good warfare, holding faith and a good conscience.

What can be worth this cost of gold and tears,
These lands laid desolate with fire and blood,
This ruin past the mending of our years,
These generations blighted in the bud?
To seek until we find reality;
To know ourselves, our brothers, and our Lord;
In our own hearts to feel the searching sword
That kills the false however dear it be.
O God! give us to know
The holy heart of suffering, and kneel
To give Thee solemn thanks that we can feel
A little of the pain that these have borne
Who for Thy sake the crown of thorns have worn!
We dare not say—"Be ours as Belgium's heart;
Ours as the heart of France!" We only pray
Help us to do our part;
And to the children of a brighter day
Give an enduring peace that shall not stray
From Thy dear law of Love, whate'er befall—
God, that were worth it all.

That Were Worth It All
AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

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